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The Bible — Revised Version

By JACOB J. WEINSTEIN

WHEN A BOOK published to sell at \$6 and \$10 a copy is bought by 1,700,000 Americans in the first few months of publication and now runs far behind demand, the stuff of history is being made. When that book turns out to be a revised version of the Bible—not a murder mystery or sex thriller—the angels and the egg-heads can rejoice. Thomas Nelson and Sons, acting as agents for the International Council of Religious Education, representing in turn some forty Protestant denominations, have published the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. The Standard Version was, in turn, a revision of the King James translation completed in 1611. The Committee of Revision, composed of some thirty leading biblical scholars and aided by many more who served in an advisory capacity, was headed by Dean Luther Weigle and included such distinguished scholars as James Moffat, Edgar Goodspeed, James Brewer, William Albright and William Irwin. In the high tradition of Biblical scholarship, the Committee remains anonymous. Their labor was a labor of reverence and love.

It was inevitable that a Protestant sponsored revision would be made, if for no other reason than to stem the tide of private translations, for translations are also interpretations and a multitude of interpretations can be confusing in a realm where some fraternity of belief is essential. But there were more cogent reasons. More than 300 words used in the King James translation had in the course of the centuries changed their meaning. Language is a living, organic entity. When it serves a dynamic people, it reflects the

changes in mood, value, meaning of that people. The Revision Committee rightly decided to substitute words which now mean what the King James translators said with other expressions.

In King James' time, *let* meant to hinder; now it means to permit; *prevent* meant to precede, now it means to restrain; *denounce* meant to declare, now it means to castigate; *comprehend* meant to enclose, now it means to understand. The Revised Standard Version certainly adds to a clearer understanding of the passage when it substitutes "intricately" for "curiously" in Psalm 139:15; when it prefers "Ye shall not be partial" for "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment" (Deut. 1:17); when it prefers "have compassion on" for "repent oneself" (Deut. 32:36). It is more in keeping with the context and the better meaning of the original Hebrew to say Abimelech hired "worthless fellows" rather than, as the King James has it, "vain fellows" (Judges 9:4).

Greater knowledge of the geography of the Bible permits the Revised Version to replace Noph with Memphis, Chittim with Cypress and the Nile or Euphrates for the generic term "river" when these two great rivers are definitely implied.

For Jewish readers it will be of especial interest and significance that two important changes have been made which narrow the theological gap between the Jewish and Christian interpretation of the Bible. The first concerns the name of God. Jewish scholars have in the large maintained that the four consonants, Yod, Hay, Vav, Hay, which constitute one of the earliest names for God are unpro-

nounceable. The vowels which originally belonged to them have been lost. It became the practice that when these letters were come upon in the script, they were supplied with the vowels belonging to the term Adonoi—Lord—and the tetragrammaton—the four letters, were always pronounced Adonoi. There is a legend in the Talmud that when the Temple existed in Jerusalem, the High Priest would give the real pronunciation of the divine term at a sacred moment during the Day of Atonement.

A medieval Christian scholar, unaware of this development, spelled out the sacred four letters as Jehovah by applying to the Hebrew consonants JHVH the vowels belonging to Adonoi. The term Jehovah always grated on Jewish ears, not only because it was conceived in error, but because it carried the further implication that the God of the Jews was a tribal, a local, a parochial diety—a Jehovah among hosts of local gods. It was the major work of the sages and prophets of Israel to refine the earlier local gods into the one great God of the universe, the beginning and end, the all-pervading, all-sustaining Presence, the "I am that I am." Jews were not happy to be reminded by the term Jehovah of the long by-passed Desert Jin, the mountain thunderer and warrior god of its childhood.

The Revised Standard Version translates the four letters JHVH as they are translated in the Jewish Publication Society Bible—by Lord or God. It is a long overdue acknowledgment that the Jews achieved the belief in one spiritual being long before the time of the New Testament.

The second instance is even more dramatic and more significant for Jewish-Christian relations. From the fourteenth verse of the Seventh Chapter of the Book of Isaiah, the King James Bible makes the following translation:

"Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel."

The Douay version, the official Catholic translation from the vulgate was completed in 1609, two years before the King James authorized version. It also translates that a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.

Now the Hebrew word which both versions translate virgin is *Almah*. This word means a young woman, not necessarily a virgin. When the Hebrew wants to say virgin, it uses *Besulah*, which applies also to unbroken soil and untrimmed trees. And surely it is reasonable to expect that the greatest master of Hebrew prose, Isaiah, would not be so vague as to say young woman when he meant *virgin*. Now this passage has been used countless times by advocates of Christianity to prove that the birth of Jesus was predicted in these unmistakable terms by Israel's greatest prophet. Christian missionaries have pointed out many other so-called predictive passages in the prophets and other writings—but this passage is the cornerstone in their exegetical edifice. It is, you should pardon the expression, the ace in the hole of their argument. It is of record that Jews, rooted in the belief that the Bible is the sacred, revealed and unchangeable word of God, have turned apostate because of their acceptance of the Christian interpretation of this passage.

The Revised Version accepts the Jewish view that *Almah* means young woman and so translates it. And it is no miracle, need it be said, that a young woman may conceive and bear a son. The revised edition does give as a variant reading, in a very small italicized footnote, that "virgin" is also used to translate this term. The main reading, the textual reading, is "young woman."

Now this may not bring the millenium. I do not visualize that thousands of Christians are going to give up their belief in the divinity of Christ because of this revision. But it is a real link in the chain of better understanding. It may not lead to a common acceptance of the place of

Jesus in world religion—but to the extent that it removes the mystical and the miraculous from one phase of mankind's religious experience, it helps to prepare the ground for a common approach. The character of Jesus as the special son of God who came to announce the sublimation of Judaism into a man-centered religion has stood in the way of Jewish-Christian understanding. Surely the acts that were committed against the Jews in the name of Jesus did not help matters between Jews and Christians.

But the old hates will die as old things must. Common experiences and common goals will help build a common universe of discourse between peoples. It is paradoxical that the instrument most given to binding all men together into the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God has often been used to build walls between man and man. The most revered revelation of God's hopes for man are contained in the Book of books. By translation and mistranslation that common source has all too often been made the chameleon book—being all things to all men. Such translations as the present one help to bring men together in the common meaning of this book.

The editors of the Revised Standard Version have substituted "You" for "Thou" and "Thee" except when God is addressed. They have also dropped the "eth" and "est." They were of the opinion that "He speaks" was easier on the eye and ear, certainly on the tongue, than "He speaketh" and "You do" than "thou doest."

Where the King James version had, "And God saw the light that it was good," the Revised Standard Version says, "And God saw that the light was good." Where the King James translation had, "Who can find a virtuous woman for her price is far above rubies," the Revised Standard Version says, "A good wife who can find? She is far more precious than jewels."

Certainly, one must agree with the editors that the Elizabethan English of

the King James translators has become a bit archaic and antiquarian. A pungent thought has all too often lost its way to the heart by being snagged on the "eth" or the "est." The new version will be easier to read and easier to understand. But I am not convinced that it will lift the soul as does the King James. Nelson and Bros. would be well advised to place a warning on the fly leaf of the Revised Standard Version: "*Not to displace but to supplement the King James translation!*"

I want to pay tribute to the Jacobean translation, sponsored by His Majesty James I of England. For 300 years this translation held the affections of the English speaking world. You may not know it but you are constantly cribbing from those Jacobean translators. When you depart from the jive talk and the blue note jabberwocky, or the pigskin dialect, which constitutes so much of campus shmoos, and talk with your dinner jacket on, you will say—"green pastures," "the wealth of nations," "Hip and thigh," "weighed in the balance and found wanting," "East of Eden," "lick the dust," "thorn in the flesh," "the sweat of his brow," "the root of all evil," "a soft answer," "a heap of coals," "we are the people and wisdom will die with us," "the silver chord," "dust unto dust."

If you do not say it, you will most surely hear it should you go in for some good reading—an acceptance speech by Adlai Stevenson, or Abe Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Benet, or a poem by Santayana. Modern English speech bears the indelible mark of this translation. This heritage is never more clearly seen than when a great contemporary—be he Winston Churchill or F. D. R.—raises the power of English speech to the Nth degree and captures the hearts and imagination of all who hear.

I shall never let any translation displace my King James. It may supplement it but will never displace it. It is indeed the noblest monument of English prose. If

you will saturate your ear with it (and with Shakespeare) and capture the power of this book to spring imagination with a word or phrase, to carry meaning alive into the heart, to use words that live and breathe, that have hands and feet so alive that if you cut them they bleed—you will be heard from. Yes, even in the clang and clamor of our noisy world, even against man's weary laughter and his sick despair, you will be heard from.

I cannot go into great detail here as to how it happened that two languages as far from each other in time and space and nurture as Hebrew and English conspired to bring forth such musical beauty as this. It was indeed a *Shidach* made in heaven. And if you want to read the story of this remarkable match, I recommend John Livingston Lowe's delightful study: "The Greatest Monument of English Prose." He tells you about the fascinating coincidences by which the peculiar combination of desert pithiness and simplicity and the sensuous imagery of literary artists like Job and Isaiah, which is the Hebrew Bible, fitted like a litmus paper over that interplay and interweaving of the tart Anglo-Saxon speech and the sonorous overtones of the Latin of the vulgate. He will tell you how the renewed spirit, the awakened adventuresomeness of Elizabethan England gave unsuspected plasticity to English speech so that it was ready for the bold thrusts and subtle and profound cries of the Hebrew. And where it was not ready, the deep, spiritual needs of the people of England led its representative scholars and divines to forcibly stretch the skin of English meanings to include the profound essences of Hebrew spiritual truths. It was not only a translation that was here made. It was a blood transfusion. The veins of the Eternal Jew were tapped mightily and his rich semitic

spiritual insights were brought into the body of English speech and forever marked the character of Western man.*

In 1954 we shall celebrate the 300th Anniversary of the Jews' arrival in America. We shall speak much of the Jews' contribution to American life. Perhaps the greatest contribution is this intangible one—the vast and profound influence on English speech and English ideas of the Hebrew spirit as siphoned through the King James translation.

* A violin maker of my acquaintance provided me with a remarkable analogy to help convey the creative wonder of this translation. Two panels of properly aged maple are fused together to form the belly and the back of the violin. They are so adroitly and meticulously groomed together that it is almost impossible to detect with the naked eye, the line of merging. Then the sound post, or as the French quaintly call it, the *l'ame*, is placed vertical to join belly and back. It is the sound post which converts a hollow space into a tone chamber. And it is never known, no matter how perfect the separate ingredients, until the instrument is actually played whether the sound post has made this conversion—has made two disparate halves into a symphonic whole. The translators must have had besides linguistic and literary skill, *l'ame*—the love of God—to bring two cultures so harmoniously together.

. . . How is the educated man to show the fruits of his education in times like these? He must do it by showing that he can and will think for himself. He must keep his head and use it. He must never push other people around or acquiesce when he sees it done. He must struggle to retain the perspective and the sense of proportion that his studies have given him and decline to be carried away by waves of hysteria. He must be prepared to pay the penalty of unpopularity. He must hold fast to his faith in freedom. He must insist that freedom is the chief glory of mankind and that to repress it is in effect to repress the human spirit. . . ."

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Psychoanalysis and Anti-Semitism

By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

IF ANTI-SEMITISM is a social disease, then it can be studied objectively by the social scientist in the hope of eventually bringing it under control. But even as the social scientist prepares the stained slides with the bacilli which he will examine under the microscope, before deciding to test it out with specific neutralizing reagents, he is staggered when he considers the recent shape of events: the extermination of six million Jews by the Nazis, the sinister revival of ancestral taboos and destructive racial passions. His scientific detachment is shaken as he reads, for example, a book like *Hitler's Professors*, by Max Weinreich, which describes in unsparing documented detail the infamous role scholarship played in Germany's crimes against the Jewish people. The ghastly facts speak for themselves. The master race ruthlessly set out to destroy the inferior mongrel strain of Jewish blood. It is perhaps easy to understand the psychopathic character of the henchmen of Hitler who engaged in such barbarism for sport, but how could German scholars, the servants of the truth, participate in such horrible genocidal practices? Even the scientists, many of them world famous, succumbed to the plague of tribal hatred and monstrous irrationality. German scholars gave birth to what they called "racial science," and Martin Heidegger preached the cult of naked power. And the Jews were slaughtered on the principle that the law of the survival of the fittest must permit of no exceptions.

It thus becomes clear that anti-Semitism, unlike thermodynamics and mitosis and photosynthesis and nuclear fission, cannot

be investigated with the calm detachment and strict objectivity that is supposed to be characteristic of the scientific method. Not that the subject matter is intractably complex but that the investigator cannot separate himself from the disease he is studying, for as an integral part of his culture he is necessarily infected with its deadly viruses, its emotional plagues. Only on the surface does our culture seem to be rational and controlled by ethical ideals. Deep below, in the fetid chambers of the unconscious, we nurse the seeds of authoritarianism, of fascist aggression, and homicidal impulses.

In their foreword to *Rehearsal for Destruction*, which is a study of political anti-Semitism in Imperial Germany, by Paul W. Massing, Mark Horkheimer, and Samuel H. Flowerman, the editors of the series that includes such volumes as *The Authoritarian Personality*, *Dynamics of Prejudice*, *Anti-Semitism and Emotional Disorder*, and *Prophets of Deceit*, point out that no one has yet been able to find a correct solution for the problem of prejudice. Hence the American Jewish Committee, in a major effort to come to grips with this diabolical problem, invited, in 1944, a group of American scholars to hold a conference at which a research program was initiated for employing the scientific method as a means of arriving at a solution. The volumes thus far published, all centering around the common focus of prejudice, reveal how much has been accomplished. These books seek to determine those qualities in the psychology of the individual which make him prejudiced or unprejudiced. By pursuing

the methods tested by "depth psychology," the investigators, in *The Authoritarian Personality*, conclude that prejudice is fathered by a number of closely related and deeply rooted personality traits. *Dynamics of Prejudice*, by Bettelheim and Janowitz, analyzes the strains and conflicts brought about by the experience of the war, which generated anti-Semitic reactions in a group of selected war veterans. *Anti-Semitism and Emotional Disorder*, by Ackerman and Jahoda, goes even deeper into the roots of the psychopathological, revealing how neurotically afflicted people will resort to prejudice as a spurious solution of their problem.

The methodological assumptions underlying these studies must be brought to light if we are to understand what is to be achieved, and what cannot possibly be achieved, by such studies. The goal is obviously to work out, through scientific analysis, some cure for ethnic discrimination and the problem of prejudice in general. The assumption throughout is that prejudice, particularly anti-Semitism, constitutes a psycho-social disease, an aberration of the personality, a form of irrational aggression that springs from frustration and emotional insecurity. The individual who has been subjected to deprivations in the past, projects his hostility onto an outside group. His hostility is an expression of the intense anxiety he experiences as he faces the problematic future. Since he cannot accept personal responsibility for failure, he must transfer his cause for failure to a scapegoat, which is made the bearer of his evil temptations. That is the curious method the anti-Semite uses to discharge his tensions, and it accounts for his failure to adopt a rational approach to his difficulties. But if that is the method, as it is used for example in *Dynamics of Prejudice*, then it follows logically that efforts to combat prejudice by giving people correct information and increased insight may well prove futile. The prejudiced person may, in fact, be aware that the

reasons he gives in justifying his anti-pathology are not the real cause of his anti-Semitic behavior.

It is encouraging, however, to observe that these social scientists acknowledge their limitations. Since they are inescapably a part of the culture which they are trying to study, they cannot remain academically aloof and neutral, as if these emotional processes did not concern them at all. Value judgments cannot be kept out of such research projects. What is more, as Nathan W. Ackerman and Marie Jahoda indicate, both authors, who are Jews, believe "that anti-Semitism in whatever form it appears is a symptom of social pathology, indicating a form of social disorganization that menaces the stability, if not the very foundations of a culture, even beyond the suffering that it entails for its victims." What these studies make abundantly clear is that anti-Semitic prejudice, a form of hostility directed against a group or individual members of that group, fulfils a decidedly irrational function. Only when this element of irrationality appears in the personality of the prejudiced person are we justified in talking of anti-Semitism. Thus anti-Semitism represents an emotional disturbance, a psychopathological deviation from the norm of health and personality integration. It is the pressure of unconscious needs in the personality that prejudices a person toward hating the Jews, all the Jews, or the majority of Jews. Prejudice thus forms a rigid stereotype, not open to persuasion based on facts or logical insight.

It is undeniable that we learn a great deal from these volumes about the genesis of anti-Semitic behavior, its origin in pathological conflicts. Anti-Semites suffer from vague but oppressive fears: fear of authority, fear of failure, a sense of their weakness and vulnerability. Fundamentally they hate themselves, and anti-Semitism is the mechanism of self-defence to which they resort. The authors of *Anti-Semitism and Emotional Disorder* declare: "At the psychic level, anti-Semitic hostil-

ity can be viewed as a profound though irrational and futile defensive effort to restore a crippled self. At the social level, it can be regarded as a device for achieving secondary emotional and material gain."

We have spent considerable space in reviewing this literature in order to throw light on its basic assumptions, its method of procedure, its insights, and its conclusions. What, after all these interviews have been held, after all the data have been assembled and properly interpreted, after we understand the phenomena of "projection," "paranoid thinking," "displacement," and "aggression"—what have we achieved? We have gained some valuable aids to understanding the dynamic structure of the anti-Semitic personality, but in terms of positive action nothing in the picture has been changed. The editors of this series are aware that they are open to the charge of having placed undue emphasis upon the personal and psychological factor to the exclusion of the social component. To be sure, they are justified in contending that we must know the truth and understand the nature of the problem to be solved before we can proceed to adopt sound therapeutic and preventive measures. Later research, we are assured, will deal with the more formidable problem of group dynamics and group therapy: how and why social crises arise. But they paradoxically affirm their faith in the scientific method as a means of reducing and ultimately eliminating intergroup prejudices.

Psychoanalytic insight seeks to demonstrate the extent to which anti-Semitic hostility stems from feelings of personal insecurity, from a background of frustration. But if the anti-Semite is neurotic, is he not also the product of an irrational and neurotic society, and are there not determinate causes which have brought about this social condition? If truth is efficacious only for those who are willing to acknowledge it as such, then the psychologist is faced with the task of analyzing why so many people perversely turn

a deaf ear to the compelling voice of truth. It is strange how little that is concrete and constructive one gains from the psychoanalytic approach to the painful subject of anti-Semitism—nothing but theoretical constructions. For if we heavily stress the unconscious sources of anti-Semitic hatred, we tend to neglect the cultural soil in which the germ of anti-Semitism breeds. Thus Ernst Simmel, who edits a book on *Anti-Semitism*, considers anti-Semitism as a psychopathological disturbance of the personality, but how does such knowledge help us to cope with the problem, especially when we are told that anti-Semitism cannot possibly be treated by individual means? Anti-Semitism, Simmel concludes, is a mass psychosis, but how much further does that carry us?

It is far from our intention to suggest or imply that psychoanalysis gives a single, unambiguous interpretation of anti-Semitism. In *Moses and Monotheism*, Freud advances the fantastic hypothesis that after the Jews had murdered Moses, who was not (it seems) a Jew but an Egyptian, a deep feeling of guilt set in, which paved the way for the return of the repressed. In reality, the Jews had killed the Father, who was later deified. The Jews have been continually reproached for killing God, and this accusation, if rightly interpreted according to Freudian insight, is true. Freud is forced to admit, however, that the popular hatred of the Jews has lasted so long and is so peculiarly intense that it cannot be accounted for in terms of one cause. There are, in fact, many reasons that can be adduced.

In the first group the most fallacious is the reproach of their being foreigners. . . . Other grounds for anti-Semitism are stronger, as, for example, the circumstances that Jews mostly live as a minority among other peoples, since the feeling of solidarity of the masses, in order to be complete, has need of an animosity against an outside minority, and the numerical weakness of the minority invites suppression. Two other peculiarities that the Jews possess, however, are quite unpardonable. The first is that in many respects they are different from their 'hosts.' Not fundamentally so. . . . The second peculiarity

... is that they defy oppression, that even the most cruel persecutions have not succeeded in exterminating them. On the contrary, they show a capacity for holding their own in practical life and, where they are admitted, they make valuable contributions to the surrounding civilization.

This is sufficient to suggest the range and multifaceted complexity of the problem. Freud even goes so far as to hazard the theory that Christians are jealous of the Jews, who maintain that they are the first-born and favorite child of God the Father. Hence the hatred of Judaism is at bottom a hatred of Christianity. Even more startling is Freud's contention that the Christians feared the Jews, the circumcised race, because circumcision appeared to them as a symbol of castration. Rudolph M. Loewenstein, in *Christians and Jews*, declares that it was Freud's insight into the dynamics of anti-Semitism, in *Moses and Monotheism*, which led him to understand the reactions of his anti-Semitic patients, who look upon Jews as the murderers of Christ, unrepentant parricides. Thus in anti-Semitism the ubiquitous Oedipus complex comes to life.

There is no limit to the number of books that utilize the psychoanalytic interpretation of anti-Semitism. The tendency in the book, *Anti-Semitism*, edited by Ernst Simmel, is to look upon anti-Semitic prejudice as the manifestation of an irrationality that springs from the depths of the primordial unconscious. Hence the conclusion that the libertarian ideal of reasoning with the conscious mind is ineffectual, since the unconscious is left untouched. The anti-Semite can always supply cogent and righteous "reasons," if "reasons" are called for, to justify his attitude. Now since the anti-Semite does not regard himself as mentally ill and sees no need for consulting a psychoanalyst for curing his delusions, the problem would seem to be insoluble. And yet, as Gordon Allport observes in the preface to this book, the enormous amount of psychoanalytic research in this

field is a living refutation of the thesis. Actually the psychoanalysts, in dealing with the anti-Semitic mania, as with all mental disease, seek to make the Ego triumph where Id was. Their publications all bear witness to their faith in the efficacy of scientific enlightenment. Hence the paradoxical situation: the psychoanalysts, after a rational, scientific examination of the facts in the case, deny that the use of reason will serve any purpose. The unconscious will not be converted by exhortations addressed to reason or a universal sense of justice or democratic ideals.

Even the neurologists have taken over this method of appraising the problem. Dr. I. S. Wechsler, in "The Psychology of Anti-Semitism," a chapter in *The Neurologist's Point of View*, interprets anti-Semitism as a social disease growing out of hidden instinctual and emotional sources. Again we hear the conclusion that hopes for a solution through appeals to reason are futile. So long as the Jew remains a Jew in a world ruled by primitive emotionalism and inflamed nationalism he will provoke the specific reaction of anti-Semitic hostility. If this were a problem that could be solved by the collective mobilization of intelligence, it would long ago have been solved. The difficulty resides in the fact that men are primarily creatures of passion and instinct, ruled by their feelings rather than their reason. If we look upon anti-Semitism as an expression of a collective neurosis, it then becomes clear why no solution has ever been effected, and why no practical methods of defence can be set up. The problem of anti-Semitism will disappear only "when the human animal has gained mastery over his emotional life." This is the impasse at which we arrive.

And this point of view has been adopted by a number of thinkers in other fields: the conviction that it is utterly useless to make any concerted and planned efforts to cope with this dread disease. The anthropologist, Alexander Goldenweiser, holds the personal belief that nothing can be

done about anti-Semitism. In *History, Psychology, and Culture*, he declares flatly:

Once it is on the go, it will get worse whether one does anything about it or not. So I am not very optimistic about anti-Semitism in this country. It is in the ascendant and will continue to grow, for a time; anything we may write or say in justification of the Jew is merely adding so much oil to the fire. The only rational course, then, is to let anti-Semitism take its course, while we go about our duties and occupations and idealisms.

This suggested solution is obviously neither rational nor satisfactory, for we cannot go about occupations and idealisms while anti-Semitic passions and pogroms are raging, nor can we resign ourselves philosophically to the inevitability of a fatal disease, be it cancer or anti-Semitism. Every impulse of survival bids us struggle against the powers of darkness and disease.

Though psychoanalysis has made a profoundly valuable contribution to some aspects of anti-Semitism, its positive ideas, when we try to apply them, unfortunately amount to very little. That anti-Semitism is a neurosis or a psychosis, that it is harmless in the individual but dangerous and often deadly when it takes a collective form, that it arises in temperaments that are emotionally insecure and economically deprived, that it involves the use of projection—all that is immensely revealing but not very helpful. To the question, what can or should be done about anti-Semitism? The Freudians have really no answer, except to say that nothing can be done. Let the fever run its course. By stressing the irrational roots and psychopathological complexities of anti-Semitism, psychoanalysis tends to paralyze the will to action. How can one proceed to act rationally if it is assumed, to begin with, that rational solutions are out of the question? Though psychoanalysts are willing to concede that anti-Semitism is not purely a "psychological" problem, they tend to concentrate chiefly on the psychic drama of the depths, and thus discourage the hope of working out pre-

ventive measures. All the psychoanalytic theories thus far propounded have done little to curb the rise of anti-Semitism. Projection, displacement, traumatic experiences, circumcision, fear of castration, hatred of Christ, self-hatred, frustration: how can we use these concepts to stem the tide of anti-Semitic violence? Since the problem is torn arbitrarily out of its social context, the result is a depressing stalemate.

But if there is one thing the Jewish people will not consent to do, it is to adopt a policy of weary resignation. No one has yet discovered the final remedy for this social disease, but whatever method is calculated to improve the situation should be utilized, whether it be legislation or education, economic reform or enlightenment through propaganda. Organizational cooperation in countering anti-Semitic rumors and lies, instant disclosure, scientific analysis of ideological trends and the underground agitational activities of anti-Semitic groups, affiliation with labor unions, churches, and liberal groups, the use of radio programs, the publication of books, pamphlets, newspapers—all this is very much to the point. The growing realization that the intensive dissemination of the truth will not of itself solve the problem of anti-Semitism, should not culminate in a philosophy of defeatism or abject despair. Psychoanalysis simply underlines the fact that the problem is terribly complex and that there is no single or easy solution. We cannot afford to give up the battle and cry out like the poet A. E. Housman: "Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season: Let us endure an hour and see injustice done." The Jews have seen injustice done for more than twenty centuries.

No Jew can reconcile himself to the conclusions of psychoanalysis, even though it parades under the proud name of science. Social discrimination, economic penalties, persecution, exile, pogroms, concentration camps, crematoria—are

these to be borne in silence and patience until men learn to control the Id and rise above their animal passions—that is, until the Messiah comes? That is too much to ask. The anti-Semite gratifies his vengeful impulses on a convenient scapegoat because this type of behavior is sanctioned, implicitly or explicitly, by the society of which he is a part, just as Jim Crow practices and the exploitation of the Negro go on with the express permission, if not approval, of the authorities in the South. But the Negro has never acquiesced in this state of affairs. The National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People has never abated its efforts to get laws passed with teeth in them, laws which would forbid segregation, educational inequality, disenfranchisement of voters, economic peonage, lynching. Laws alone will not solve their problem, but they can help to prevent lawless actions and keep the Ku Klux Klan, for example, in check. Similarly, all thinking Jews are convinced that overt forms of anti-Semitism can be held under control if the responsible leaders will take the necessary action. The problem of anti-Semitism, in short, is social, political, economic, and cultural, as well as psychological. Fundamentally, men's minds must be transformed before "equality" of treatment is achieved, but before that blessed state is realized it is important to set up as many safeguards as possible.

What we must devise, if the psychosis of anti-Semitism is to be cured, is a universal political morality, a universal language to knit all the peoples of the world into unity, a global democracy, based on world government, which will eliminate national conflicts and establish a rational order of international harmony, according citizenship to every human being on earth. Discrimination against Jew or Negro is a violation of the democratic ideal, which must be made to work. It is this vision of universalism, such as Lewis Mumford projects in *The Conduct of Life*, a vision that does not neglect the

importance of satisfying basic economic needs, which can do much not only to eradicate the evil of anti-Semitism but to further human and social development to its highest peak.

What must be done, therefore, is to utilize every avenue of enlightenment, every agency of reform. Every step that leads toward the consummation of the democratic ideal, in America and throughout the world, helps to eliminate the grounds of prejudice against minority groups. It does more: gradually it eradicates the conditions that provide the incentive to anti-Semitic hatred and hostility. Healthy, secure, integrated, life-loving people will recognize the oneness of man and rise above the baleful passions of nationalism and racialism. The truth alone will not set us free, but there is a powerful craving for rationality in man which forces him to reconsider his motives and change his conduct when it cannot be defended by the criteria of reason. Even more potent are the ethical dictates of our civilization, the profound urge to obey the mandate of universal justice: to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. If democracy, like religion, were practised as well as preached, prejudice against minority groups would automatically die out. If we turn for inspiration and guidance to the poets, it is because they keep alive for us the vision of our essential humanity, the brotherhood of man. Whitman cries out in *Leaves of Grass*:

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy, By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

And Shelley, in *Prometheus Unbound*, holds before us the dream of the Golden Age that is to be, the picture of man as sceptreless, free, equal, "unclassed, tribeless, and nationless."

Though prejudice cannot at present be completely eliminated, understanding may help in the effort to combat it; but even educational and therapeutic measures will not work miracles. In short, the campaign

against prejudice and discrimination must be comprehensive, many-sided, and persistent. The overt practice of discrimination must be made illegal and unprofitable, thus making it decidedly unrespectable. Full information about minority groups must be furnished so as to break down stubborn stereotypes. A public opinion must be created which looks upon prejudice as disgraceful, even to the point where parents cease to transmit prejudices to their children. More important still is the direct effort to solve the major problem of economic security. The point to be stressed is that in combating racism and anti-Semitism we are not pursuing chauvinistic aims or protecting narrow group interests; primarily we are engaged in completing the unfinished business of

democracy. Discrimination must be fought uncompromisingly because it constitutes a vicious threat to our democratic system. Civil rights must be granted to all and made functional. Economic opportunities must be broadened and equalized. The specific implications of such a program, as envisaged by David W. Petegorsky, must be spelled out concretely in terms of job opportunities, full employment, and equal educational facilities.

In the approach to the problem of anti-Semitism, sociology must encompass and transcend the circumscribed formulations and insights of psychoanalysis. What we need, if we are not to resign ourselves to inaction, is a militant social program which will labor to fulfill the vision of democracy.



Building Solomon's Temple

JACK LEVINE

The Negro in My Eighty Years in Carolina

By FRANK ARMFIELD

MY FATHER'S EX-SLAVES, who had returned from Georgia with him to our home near the line between the Carolinas, were my first heroes. How I admired the skill of "Uncle" Jasper—especially during that trip to the Shad Fishery—in handling the reins of our wagon team, and on mountainous hills or in treacherous fords, popping the heavy platted whip, or putting on or off those wonderful brakes! How I enjoyed the considerateness of "Uncle" Davy, our farm overseer while Father was a soldier, in telling me tales of War times down in Georgia! "Uncle" Davy, by the way, shared the opinion of American voters, recently expressed, disapproving unwarranted seizure by the Government of private property, his indignation being at confiscation of my mother's big cotton crop, never to be paid for.

Many of the day-hands at our farm near a growing town, in the early 'Eighties, were former residents of some other county than ours, in the Carolinas, and had been slaves. I had gathered from my parents and elderly relatives, and from an avid reading of literature like Harriet Beecher Stowe's dynamic novel, much information on slavery; but I, in silent sympathy with the real burden-bearers of that system, wanted data and views on it from these ex-slaves themselves. They talked of it freely and reasonably. Not one of them—of course—wanted slavery back; but all of them agreed that under it they had been better housed, clothed, and fed, and had obtained better medical care, than in their twenty years of freedom.

While I did hear from these ex-slaves instances of needless rough manners and hard words on the parts of several masters, I could learn of but one slave-owner who had customarily been deliberately mean and cruel: He would test the ability of his slaves to work by giving a prize to the one who did most, as, for example, picking most cotton. Then he would hold all, including the weakest up to the winner's score, under penalty of a whipping for failure. Also he would, in doling his slaves barely enough rations to support life, hint they could increase their supplies by thefts from neighboring plantations. Finally, as a climax of his cruelty, he and a relative, fired by intoxicants, tortured one of his slaves to death. His punishment, a fine of \$5,000 was a mockery. The county in which he committed the crime needed a new jail! He did, however, receive additional punishment socially. He was ostracised so completely that he left the State. Later the "Mills of the Gods," which work queerly as well as slowly, did grind some of his descendants inheriting his brutality exceedingly fine—they were put in slavery themselves, on chain-gangs.

In the 'Nineties, I got to see a former slave, reputed to be 106 years old, and to have been brought from Africa by the last slave ship lawfully entering the United States. From her shrunken size, her wrinkled skin, her deep sunken eyes, and her perfectly bald head, I did not doubt her age; and as she had lost the English language she had learned, and could be understood only by her oldest daughter, I did not doubt, either, she had

been born in Africa. I was told that the articles she craved most were meat, whiskey, and tobacco. I gave her some of the last-named, and she, witch-like, circled me three times in a weird dance and chant. For a moment she and I seemed to be on a far-away shore, and in a bygone century. Her aged daughter, and her grand-children and great-grand children, I felt, already had come a long way out of great tribulation.

The economic condition of the Negro in the 'Seventies, 'Eighties and 'Nineties was as bad as, if not worse than, in slavery. The Federal Government, by abolition of the Freedman's Bureau, had by 1870 added its neglect to that of the Southern States. These, however, could have done little better than they did for the Negro. Their capital was lost and their credit bad. Conditions of credit in private enterprise were deplorable. As instances, I cite that my father in nearly all the period named had to pay 12½% for money in conducting a mercantile business, and that I needing \$300 for educational purposes—as late as September, 1893—though proffering a note whose endorsers were admittedly worth \$30,000 and of good credit, could not borrow from banks anywhere around. Their money was out, to make the growing cotton crop. What could poverty-stricken Negroes do under such circumstances? Thousands of them would have starved, but for their custom—more common in them, I think, than in any other race, of sharing with each other.

During at least four decades after Emancipation, the diet of the Negro, as indeed that of the poorer Southern white, was distressingly deficient. The invariables of it were cornbread, molasses, and inferior bacon called "fat-back." Its occasional supplements were coffee, pies, sweetened usually with molasses, milk, butter, eggs and chicken, and spring and summer vegetables, with none of these supplements, except the vegetables, served other than on Sundays or when there was

company. Most often the milk and butter eaten had to be bought, for not more than one out of ten Negro families, even if farm tenants, had a cow.

The housing of Negroes in my section was, for nearly a half century after they were freed, as bad as their diet, its ill effects on health being tempered somewhat, however, by the warmth of the climate, and by ventilation through cracks between logs or in doors or windows. Most families, consisting often of ten or more members, lived in one or two-room houses, these most often tumble-down log cabins.

Except for quarantine against smallpox, and segregation of the insane, no public health precautions were taken in the Carolinas until about the turn of the century for either the whites or blacks; and our Negroes, with the deficient diet and housing mentioned, died from pneumonia, tuberculosis, pellagra, syphilis, and the usual childhood diseases, almost like flies. Physicians then seemed plentiful, and for them their patient worked tirelessly, and they for their fees waited patiently until Fall. Some of them were not skilled, and there were instances of both justice and injustice when the Negroes of our section, as was their custom, decorated graves with the medicine bottles of their dead.

In the deeper South, as successor to slavery, peonage in some of its varied forms existed to a grave extent, long after Emancipation. For examples, a planter from a State in that section confidentially revealed to me much chagrin at local authorities for having issued a warrant against him for whipping one of "his" Negroes who would not work (saying, however, that the Grand Jury would take care of that); and a Negro on a farm adjoining one I had in one of the lower Southern States wanting badly to move to my place, said he couldn't do so without paying his landlord \$500 due, because "the Law" would put him in jail. In the Carolinas, however, I never knew of any

attempts at peonage, save for occasional prosecutions—mainly futile—for abandonment of crops after obtaining advances on them, or for moving a tenant or cropper without “legal” notice to his landlord.

While I knew of no peonage of consequence in the Carolinas, I did know of two race riots, each about a hundred and fifty miles from the section I lived in. These, one political, the other economic in origin, were serious, but not on nearly so large a scale as similar riots that have recently occurred in large Northern cities. I also knew authentically of lynchings in both the Carolinas. These averaged for the four and a half decades to 1910 about one every ten years to each colony—though not all of them were of Negroes. A single occurrence of this crime was, of course, a disgrace and deplored by all good citizens. While there probably have been one or two more, I recall but one lynching in the Carolinas since 1915.

What were the chances of a Negro litigant in Carolina courts in the earlier decades after Emancipation? Railroad lawyers, against whose clients also there was prejudice, used to comment that the chances before a jury of a Negro and a railroad were about the same. Any inference from this comparison that in a civil case between a Negro and a white man juries were unfair to the former is unjustified by my long experience as a practicing lawyer. In such cases I observed that often the jury felt that the conduct of his opponent as described by the Negro was oppressive or tricky and decided for the Negro.

In criminal cases against Negroes the atmosphere was different. For thirty or forty years after being freed myriads of Negroes were lawless. That they were so was not strange, since they were ignorant of the niceties of law and were conscious that, under slavery, violence, cunning, and disregard of the rights of others were common. But many Negroes, however they justified their conduct to themselves, were lawless and juries convicted them.

White defendants in criminal cases seemed in a different category. Generally speaking, they had “pull,” and had money with which to hire influential lawyers or make pecuniary settlement. So, I have seen many white criminals who deserved punishment, escape. Not so with Negroes. A big majority of all Negro defendants in criminal cases for three or four decades after Emancipation, were convicted. Were they all guilty?

Well, in Police courts, having jurisdiction only of misdemeanors, I have seen many defendants without funds unjustly “railroaded” to prison; but these convictions were of paupers, regardless of whether they were black or white. And I did witness in the 'Seventies, 'Eighties and 'Nineties punishments by higher courts of its convictions, especially when they were Negroes, by sentences of merciless length. However, I do not believe that in the hundreds of trials for serious crimes which I, as attorney, defended, and in the thousands I witnessed, a single white man, and but three or four Negroes, who were innocent, were ever finally convicted.

In my experience at courts in the decades mentioned, then, there was at least this racial discrimination:

Always, the guilty Negro got what—in the vernacular—was “coming to him;” often the guilty white man did not. What has been the effect of this, comparatively, on the two races? I attest that even as late as sixty years ago in the two counties in which I mainly practised law, and in which the proportion of Negroes to whites was and still is about one to four, the ratio in courts of accused whites was about five to one, but that now the same ratio is only about one Negro to five whites. From my experience, and travels, I have every reason to believe that this progress of the Negro race is, unless in larger cities, general throughout the South. So I aver that the rural Negroes in the South constitute a section of the population that is as law-abiding as any

people on earth—a wonderful record for a people who were savages about three centuries ago, and slaves a century ago!

The Negroes of the Carolinas have, too, in the last half century, especially in the last thirty years, made marked progress in diet, general health, education, housing, and ownership of property; and their former inferiority in educational facilities and in hospital care—especially the former—is rapidly being eliminated.

There is still very considerable opposition by white citizens in both North and South Carolina against entrance by Negroes into the State-owned colleges and universities. This, however, is based on a custom slowly dying out and which has no sound justification. At the age for entrance into senior college, the first impelling lustful years of puberty have passed. For the purposes of their work tens of thousands of whites and Negroes in the Carolinas associate, and could of course do so in college. Any work, efficiently done, ennobles the worker. So there is sound reason to believe the opposition to Negroes entering state-owned colleges and universities will cease. Furthermore, the reasoning mentioned is given impelling force in the Carolinas by economic conditions. Modernly equipped colleges and the maintenance of them are most costly. Provisions for the establishment of a new chain of these, probably the only legal alternative to admittance of the Negro in existing state-owned colleges, would hardly be endorsed by already highly tax-burdened voters.

For equal facilities in the "free schools" of the Carolinas there have been recently—and rightly—several suits brought in the courts of the Carolinas—resulting usually in relief being granted and there has been one suit brought, engineered by the Negro intelligentsia of South Carolina that is now pending in the U. S. Supreme Court, demanding non-segregation in public school systems. There seems to be no general desire among Negroes in the South that this latter demand become law.

Are not the Negro leaders in South Carolina who would have segregation in the public schools abolished, mistaken? It, and the segregation caused by laws against intermarriage between the races, do seem—to a great extent at least—to prevent miscegenation—that some of the offspring from a union between Caucasians and Negroes have been superb physical or intellectual men or women can not be gainsaid. Nevertheless, in social legislation, "the greatest good of the greatest number," while not a perfect criterion, is the best we have. Laws encouraging miscegenation would not stand that test; certainly, for the vast majority of the offspring of differing races, the outlook is now, and will continue to be for decades, distressing.

The Negro, whether in the Carolinas or elsewhere, should take greater pride in his race. Often under repressive conditions, it has produced so much excellence of humor, eloquence, music, and the graphic arts, that what of these it may, under favorable conditions, produce, can not yet be conceived. If the pride the Negro should have in his race is to be maintained, his race purity must be maintained. Surely, unless there is a lack of purpose in nature, each race has peculiar characteristics to be developed. To develop these, race-purity, at least to a marked degree, is a dominant requisite. To get historical bearing on this point, think of the Jews: one cannot believe that if, instead of the Exodus, there had been intermarriage with the Egyptians, the Hebrew people could ever have given to the world its two greatest religions, Christianity and Judaism, or its wonderful galaxy of Jewish scientists and philosophers.

The Carolinas still have one class of statutes, "Jim-Crow" laws, that have not even an appreciable tendency to prevent miscegenation. The Negro has the right, constitutionally, and as a human being, to equal facilities in travel with all other persons. These laws should, and soon will, I think, be repealed. If the State and

transportation lines seek congeniality in grouping passengers, the placing of women and children of tender age in one group, and all others in another group, would be much better than "Jim Crow" laws. In the South whites and Negroes are often so grouped by their home-life or their work-life and get along amicably and often enjoyably. Why should they not in travel?

The Negro intelligentsia of the Carolinas, as of the nation at large, grieve at the delay in their race's obtaining its rights, such as equal facilities in State Universities and on common carriers. They should remember from history that it took, for the ancestors of their white neighbors, more than a thousand years of slavery, serfdom, and bloody struggles to obtain such rights—and to have them defined as now.

The Negro of the Carolinas, and I believe of most of the other States, needs betterment in his finances as much as in his rights as a citizen. Probably, just now, he needs economic advancement more, because it is a lever to the attainment of the latter. Political liberty and equality mean little to one whose future is mortgaged to a "time merchant," a usurer, or some dealer in instalment sales.

Leaders of the Negroes, in almost all measures to improve the financial condition of the members of the race, would have strong aid from their white neighbors. The white Southerner would give this aid not only from the practical motive that he too would be benefited by such measures, but also from a sentimental motive. Indeed, no one so well as he knows that the nation has not given the Negro his due, and that the South particularly owes him much for clearing its weeds and swamps and for constructing its railways and highways, and incidentally, for digging enough gypsum grass from its corn and cotton fields to fill several Grand Canyons.

One measure all men of good will towards the Negro would cooperate in is

repression of "policy gambling," an evil especially prevalent in members of that race living in or about Southern cities and towns. The incomes of promoters of this vice, according to official records, are enormous. From such data, I am safe in saying the North Carolina Negroes lose as much every year at this form of betting, to pay for as many more as the ten or fifteen colleges for their race there are in the State.

Usury, the hundred-hypocritical-headed monster has devoured more of the well-being of man, including that of the Negro for five decades after freedom, than has any other civic evil. Happily, for about thirty years, the poor Negro farmer, and, for that matter, the white too, has been released from the clutches of that great usurer, the farm-supply credit merchant, by the Farm Credit Administration Act that most beneficial aid to the Negro farmer since the Emancipation Act. But our poor, white and black, are still the victims of usury from the pawnbroker, the Loan Companies, and the Instalment Sales Dealers. I include the last named because I know—as a former lawyer—that their prices exceed cash prices, with legal interest, for the same article by from fifteen to thirty per cent, and because I know that I as an individual had to work as hard as a mule dragging a sawlog for forty years of my life to pay off just a few thousands of money borrowed at 8%: know further that these dealers as a class, do not—in my State at least—in one delinquency of payment in a hundred, comply with law by—upon reclaiming the article sold—selling it publicly and paying any surplus obtained to the debtor. Instalment-sales foreclosures should be reported to a court, as are land-mortgage sales.

As for pawn-brokers and Loan Companies in the Carolinas they charge on the sums they lend the equivalent of 100 or 200% per annum. Now banks in the Carolinas make small term loans at a rate of about twelve percent. Others

should be permitted by law to charge little if any more. The law should make charging unauthorized rates of interest a crime, for it is a fearful one.

I digress here to advise the great Southern surplus of Negro schoolteachers for whom there are not enough schools, to begin collecting for local business houses. Some of these latter already employ Negroes as outdoor collectors, and are wise in doing so. I, for instance, have never thought of such folly as not to pay a colored man wages due him. Had I not paid him he would have hung around me, politely, but with the tenacity and for as long as Grant hung around Richmond.

While Negroes, as I know them in the Carolinas, are buying more homes and farms and obtaining better wages, they have three faults from an economics point of view that are delaying their financial progress. First, they as buyers are too credulous, do not have enough sales resistance. Second, they do not invest enough in interest-bearing and capital-accumulating securities, like government bonds, saving accounts, and credit-union stocks. Third, they do not often enough seize opportunities to become sellers, even to their own race. The two of these faults, the first and second named, may be transient, as Negroes in the South have not long been receiving wages more than enough for necessities. Let us consider, then, only the third. I have had under observation for several years four of the suburban smaller-type grocery businesses in my town. All of the four depend mainly on selling to Negroes, yet all are owned and operated by white men, with mainly white help. Each of the enterprises specified has proved quite successful. To my knowledge two of these businesses were started on a "shoe-string" and so could have been begun as well by Negroes. My suggestion, then, is that young ambitious intelligent Negroes, instead of studying to become preachers, teachers, lawyers, and doctors, try to learn some simple business in which members of their own race

would become their customers, such as a credit union, grocery store, building and loan association, or a collection or a burial insurance company. If they cannot enter such a business because of lack of capital, probably they can do so by making a "cooperative" of it.

Apprenticeship, apprenticeship, apprenticeship! is the key to entrance into businesses such as I have mentioned, and to entrance into many other businesses and trades in the section where I live. Labor is scarce and costly nowadays. The operator of almost any business not "departmentalized" could profitably use the services of an alert young Negro helper, if exchanged over a year or more at a low wage for gradual instruction in the business. Apprenticeship has been discontinued largely because it can become "involuntary servitude," which is not lawful. Ambitious intelligent young Negroes, who are without means for college training, should replace it with a carefully contracted "voluntary servitude."

Reliance on what Henry George styled the "unearned increment" in real estate values would vastly better the condition of urban Negroes in home ownership and housing. In the Carolinas at least, not one in five hundred of these would prefer to live in areas populated by white residents. If cooperatives or the richer Negroes would buy, in tract-bulk, land adjoining their towns or cities, subdivide it and sell the lots, the process would greatly increase the value of the property. I myself have successfully resorted to this process in sales exclusively to Negroes, and tens of thousands of others in all sections of our country have by subdivision and lot sales of suburban real estate made "easy money." In fact the financial history of the United States, tells of no form of investment so uniformly certain of profit as this. All friends and leaders of the Negro race should influence as they can philanthropists, municipalities, and State and Federal Governments to establish "rolling funds" (of which they would

probably not lose a cent) for such subdivisions.

The swamp lands near the very doors of the United States on the eastern seaboard probably afford a remedy for some very pressing ills. In some research at the U. S. Department of Agriculture, I was surprised to learn that in the opinion of one of its highest officials drainage and irrigation of these lands could be effected at a cost of about only one tenth that of improving the arid lands of the West, and also to learn that the Department estimates—though without survey as yet—the extent of these lands to be 6,000,000 acres. Generally speaking, these lands have deep soil abounding in nitrogen, the most costly chief element for plant nutrition. Also they are still low-priced because they are traversed here and there by navigable rivers of which the Federal Government has control, with State governments also having some control at the ocean-mouths of all such streams. The comparatively small part of this swamp land, which has been drained, has proved, notably in one of the Carolinas, and in Florida, most profitably productive, especially of garden produce. The Federal Government and the States should enact legislation whereby they and private owners would cooperate for the drainage and irrigation of this great area of fertile land.

The white man avoids swamp-lands because, presumably, of the malaria and hook-worm prevalent in them; the Negro, largely immune to these, does not, and it is to be hoped that eventually the white man, owing to recent medical progress, will not. If Federal and State agencies, or philanthropists would establish colonies in these swamp lands and the rural type of displaced Negroes of the South—intensely land hungry—would flock to them. This group, comprising about four-fifths of

Southern Negroes, should succeed admirably in colonization projects. They are humble, and so, yearning for instruction, they are gregarious, preferring to do everything in groups; they have the next best trait to altruism, strong *esprit de corps*; and they have, what seems in others to have about perished, a real love for hard labor. Colonies for these would greatly relieve the Negro-inundation problem of our large cities; for our great industrialized civic centers so far have found for this type of Negro—especially given to emigration because of economic stress—little to do, and no low-priced decent housing. Colonies in our Eastern swamp lands, improved as suggested, and peopled in part by rural Negroes from the South, and in part by land-hungry whites, should become great vegetable gardens, unsurpassed anywhere.

... I feel that the Negroes' relation to America is symbolically peculiar, and from the Negroes' ultimate reactions to their trapped state a lesson can be learned about America's future. Negroes are told in a language they cannot possibly misunderstand that their native land is not their own; and when, acting upon impulses which they share with whites, they try to assert a claim to their birthright, whites retaliate with terror, never pausing to consider the consequences should the Negroes give up completely. The whites never dream that they would face a situation far more terrifying if they were confronted by Negroes who made no claims at all than by those who are buoyed by social aggressiveness. My knowledge of how Negroes react to their plight makes me declare that no man can possibly be individually guilty of treason, that an insurgent act is but a man's desperate answer to those who twist his environment so that he cannot fully share the spirit of his native land. Treason is a crime of the State."

From Cross Section

by RICHARD WRIGHT

Reprinted from "Negro Digest"

The Art of Jacob Epstein

By ALFRED WERNER

"It takes courage to remain a sculptor."

JACOB EPSTEIN

I

♦♦ AT LAST JACOB EPSTEIN HAS HIS DUE!"

London's *Jewish Chronicle* exclaimed last October, referring to the retrospective exhibition of the sculptor's life work, organized by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery, in the heart of England's capital. It was open to visitors from September 25, 1952 up to November 9, 1952. So many people rushed to see it that British friends of mine had to go there twice in order to get a good look at the statues in the overcrowded halls.

As for myself, I remember that in 1939, when I was living in England as a refugee from Nazi oppression, I was, for the first time, drawn into a heated controversy concerning Epstein, occasioned by his latest sculpture called *Adam*. Quite intentionally Epstein deviated from the orthodox traditional viewpoint that God created Adam in His image, as a composite of Gregory Peck and Van Johnson. With Darwin's *Descent of Man* in mind, Epstein made this huge Adam resemble a hairless gorilla beating his breast. But the artist's adversaries failed to notice one significant detail: Adam's head is thrown back. This indicates that he is different from other animals, that he alone, of all creatures, has received the breath and the spirit of God. People failed to see the artist's intention. Considering *Adam* as good an investment as some rare wild animal, an Australian collector purchased it and exhibited it at a British seaside amusement place where more than a million persons paid a shilling to see it—for entirely non-aesthetic reasons.

When I returned to England, an American citizen by now, in 1951, in order to view the Festival of Britain, I noticed little of the hostility against Epstein that had been prevalent a dozen years earlier. Epstein, now a septuagenarian, was no longer anxious to "shock" the public at all cost. Commissioned by the Arts Council to do a sculpture for the South Bank Exhibition, he produced *Youth Advances*, a delightful but somewhat conventional figure, poised almost in flight, and caught to its pedestal by the merest touch of one toe. Since nobody objected to it, how could it possibly be a genuine Epstein?

Although the British public has, in the last few years, adjusted itself to the idea that its most important sculptor is a foreign-born Jew, Epstein's relations with the public, and the public institutions, have remained strained to this very day. There is an ambivalence of feeling on the part of the public and its spokesmen that reveals itself time and again. When the artist offered his huge winged *Lucifer* of 1945 to the Tate Gallery, the gift was rejected because there was disagreement as to the figure's merits; yet, the same gallery, only a few years later, organized the aforementioned one-man show of Epstein's work. That show must have been fascinating, judging by the illustrated catalogue alone. Even here, however, critics noted that the selection of works was a biased one. Amazingly few of Epstein's revolutionary carvings were included. The bulk of the show consisted of his brilliant, but more conservative achievements as a modeler. (Carving denotes cutting a figure directly into wood, stone, ivory, or other material; modeling, on the other hand, is the process of form-

ing a figure in clay or wax, the resulting figure to be used as a form for the making of reproductions in another material, e.g. bronze). But even these carvings were disgusting to such a conservative organ as the *London Times*; referring to the controversial *Genesis* of 1931—a heavy-featured woman clutching her pregnant, out-thrust belly—the *Times* critic noted: "Repellent as ever."

Fairness forces us to admit, however, that in a few instances Britishers have shown courage by placing highly unorthodox Epsteins into houses of worship, or by assigning the aged artist to create statues for public squares. In January, 1952, Epstein's *Lazarus*, a powerful white stone figure, was put into the 14th century Gothic chapel at New College, Oxford. There were, of course, old-timers who vigorously objected. They could not imagine how this huge stone monster, swathed in a cocoon of burial wrappings, could possibly have any relation to the fine legend in the Gospel according to St. John. The New College Warden, Alic Halford Smith, not only bought the statue, however, but even sat in Epstein's studio for a portrait bust.

At about the same time, the artist began working on a *Madonna and Child*. This was to be placed on the north side of Cavendish Square, London, on a site owned by the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus. We must bear in mind that these arrangements were made between a Jew, who is only a naturalized citizen of England, and by Anglo-Saxon Christians who surely remember that G. K. Chesterton said that Epstein's *Ecce Homo* was one of the greatest insults to religion he had ever seen.

For curiosity's sake, we should mention the orchid which the artist received from a highly unlikely place. In 1950, a certain British paper, notorious for its conservative views on art, paid him a rather left-handed compliment when one of its writers attacked a "blatantly and realistically painted feminine nude" by a G.

Earle Wickham. When Epstein exhibited *Genesis*, the critic declared, he at least had "the decency to choose a partly abstract style and thus avoided the worst pitfall the subject offered, which, unfortunately, could not be said of Mr. Wickham's painting". . .

II

Alas, the New Testament's saying about the prophet who is not without honor save in his own country, can be applied to Epstein in connection with the United States being his native country. Nobody has bothered to stage a large Epstein show in America which would deepen the public's knowledge of one of the most outstanding contemporary artists. Moreover, when Epstein reached his four-score and ten, in the fall of 1950, not a single art magazine or general periodical in this country used the opportunity to pay tribute to Epstein's genius. Only a limited number of his works can be seen in American institutions devoted to the fine arts. It is of little comfort to note that two of his bronzes—a bust of Professor Einstein, and a group, *Madonna and Child*—were included in the show, "Sculpture of the 20th Century," which opened last fall at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, was shown at Chicago's Art Institute from January 22 to March 8, 1953, and will be on view in New York's Museum of Modern Art throughout the summer of 1953.

Epstein was born in 1880, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. He was one of a group of gifted boys who, like Max Weber and Abraham Walkowitz, were destined to leave their mark on 20th century art. In the "Gay Nineties" some of the very individuals who were to mould American opinion, American letters, and American arts in the early part of the twentieth century, were roaming the East Side with its pushcarts and peddlers, its long-bearded patriarchal Jews in the Ghetto, its Italians, Irish and Chinese.

But Jacob did not join the other Jewish youngsters on his street in warding off

the Irish boys, nor did he observe the holidays in the synagogue with his parents, recent immigrants from Tsarist Russia. Worlds apart from his large, Yiddish-speaking family, the adolescent withdrew and spent his time reading *Les Misérables*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Leaves of Grass* and even *The New Testament*. He attended political meetings to hear Prince Kropotkin, Eugene Debs, and the single-taxer, Henry George, addressing the crowds. At other times he would simply wander about the streets, sketching the odd characters who engaged his interest. "Rembrandt would have delighted in the East Side," Epstein remarked, at the peak of his fame: "I imagine that the feeling I have for expressing a human point of view, giving human rather than abstract implications to my work, comes from these early formative years."

As a teen-ager, Epstein attended the life class at the Art Students League uptown, but always held himself aloof from his fellow-students. He cared neither for their bad jokes nor their bad beer. He loved to drop into Durand-Ruel's Gallery on Fifth Avenue where he admired, not only the French Impressionists, but also such American "rebels" as Winslow Homer, George Innes, Albert P. Ryder, and Thomas Eakins. When his parents moved to better quarters uptown, Jacob refused to join them. They shook their heads: "Meshuggah!" but allowed him to stay there, happy in his own fashion. And thus Jacob remained in the rickety old building on the corner of Hester and Forsythe Streets. He lived in what was more like a shed than a room, containing just an iron bedstead, a diminutive stove, and Jacob's easels with sketches and paintings of Ghetto types on them.

By cooking his own meals and paying only \$4 rent, he was able to make ends meet on \$12 a month, and he was content to earn just that amount by selling his sketches. There was so much that he could sketch, for instance, the famous actor,

Jacob Adler, surrounded by his Second Avenue coterie, or the poet, Morris Rosenfeld at work in a tailor's sweatshop. One day Epstein received a big assignment: he was asked to illustrate Hutchins Hapgood's book about the East Side. This volume, *The Spirit of the Ghetto*, appeared in 1902. At the age of twenty, Epstein already mastered the art of expressing himself through a few, swiftly suggestive bold lines. It is surprising that no American publisher re-issued this remarkable work.

With the money he got for this work, supplemented by additional income from a magazine, Epstein bought a steamship ticket to France on a trans-ocean liner. Prior to the first World War, no art education was considered complete unless the artist had studied in Paris. Epstein stayed there for three years. He was in Paris when the Dreyfusards buried the famous swashbuckling novelist, Emile Zola, in Montmartre Cemetery, and police were called upon to restrain the anti-Dreyfusards. He saw Isadore Duncan at the Trocadero dance to the Seventh Symphony by Beethoven, and he witnessed the exuberant saturnalia staged by the art students, with nude girls astride the cab horses.

For this ambitious, serious-minded lad, however, work came before fun. He toiled hard at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, but was unable to continue in his anatomy course. When the green arm of a corpse was handed around for inspection, he fainted. He earned the scorn of the omnipotent Bougereau by refusing to take criticism from this old-fashioned academician. When the master came in, Epstein covered his work. "Ce sauvage Americain!" Bougereau exclaimed. This unflattering nickname stuck to Epstein for the rest of his student days in Paris.

In 1905 this "barbaric American" made a trip to London without the slightest idea that he was destined to become a Londoner, and a British subject. The force that kept him in England was not the

British Museum, with its vast collection of ancient arts and crafts, although there is no question that these treasures had a decisive influence upon Epstein since they made him switch from painting to sculpture: A lovely Scottish girl was the main reason for his not returning to the continent. At that time Epstein had dreamy eyes, curly black hair and sensitive melancholy lips. These features must have won his future wife, for otherwise he was a barbaric individual, gruff in manner, nonchalant in demeanor, a heavy-set figure in a suit that was spattered with clay and dust—in fact, he was the image of a brick-layer. For a long time, the newly-weds lived in two horribly bare rooms, one of which was the husband's studio. Jacob worked hard, but his first income did not come from artistic works. During the day he would plunge his hands into the wet, cool clay, but at night he served as a model in an art school to make a few shillings.

III

Two unbiased, unorthodox Britishers, Mr. Francis Dodd R. A., and Sir Charles Holden, a famous architect, somehow became interested in this foreigner and visited him in the shabby, empty little apartment which he and his wife shared. They got him his first major assignment, not foreseeing the trouble that would come to them because of this young hot-spur. Epstein was only in his mid-twenties in 1907 when fame came to him, via a nation-wide scandal. He had been commissioned to decorate the facade of a new building, just acquired by the British Medical Association. Horrified at the thought of modelling surgeons with side-whiskers, Epstein rejected the idea and proposed, instead, an artistically more gratifying sequence, *The Birth of Energy*. This theme, depicting men and women in their development from "womb to tomb" was, he felt, more appropriate for an edifice of this character.

Epstein spent fourteen months carving

a series of eighteen nudes for the British Medical Association building. Artistically they were beyond reproach. They blended in perfectly with the building itself. Yet the public was shocked because one of the statues was of a woman in advanced pregnancy. How could a father expose his daughter to this alarming sight? The philistines of the National Vigilance Society fumed. How could any pure-minded young man let his fiancée behold these "obscenities?" One of the enraged critics, Father Vaughan, made the most of the fact that Epstein lived at that time in the Bloomsbury section of London, a neighborhood dedicated, as he claimed, to the manufacture of contraceptives. While bigots, supported by the conservative press, loudly clamored for the removal of this "indecent" statuary, Epstein got unexpected help from no less a person than the Bishop of Stepney, Dr. Cosmo Lang, later to become Archbishop of Canterbury. Inspecting the figures, he saw nothing indecent or shocking in them. Some of England's outstanding writers and critics likewise sided with Epstein: "Had Michelangelo ever disguised sex?" they asked. The statues were left alone for the time being. Two decades later, however, the building was taken over by the Southern Rhodesian Government, and a flimsy excuse was used to remove or deface the statuary.

It is not surprising that artistically conservative people found most of Epstein's work repulsive. Most women, for instance, felt affronted by his aforementioned *Genesis*, not realizing that the artist had no intention of making the millionth variation of a chorus girl Venus. *Genesis* is the eternal primeval woman, the fertile mother of the human race, in the dormant fullness of parenthood, her somnolent head filled with the dream of conception, her hand instinctively feeling the spot where a new life blooms within her. Yet one superficial critic called this sincere and deep homage to maternity a "joke in marble"—as though any artist

would spend months, or even years of intense concentration, merely to confuse or amuse the public.

Conservatives whose aesthetic sense was jarred by *Genesis* were infuriated when Epstein dared to express his own concept of Christ. In default of any authentic image of Jesus, why shouldn't an artist respond solely to his own imagination? The great 15th century realist Andrea Mantegna saw no objections to drawing the body of the dead Christ in such radical foreshortening that it looks almost grotesque—and, at the same time, fascinatingly tragic. For this distortion Mantegna was not attacked, but constant abuse has fallen upon Epstein.

Three times he carved Christ, and three times he was abused because he clung to his aesthetic convictions. His first Christ originated during World War I: an erect, giant-sized figure in bronze, eleven feet high. The body is wrapped in cerements, one hand points to the gaping wound in his other hand. While the forehead is high and serene, the mouth looks tortured, the eyes full of sorrow. A decade ago, or so, Epstein said about this version of Christ:

"It stands and accuses the world for its grossness, inhumanity, cruelty, and beastliness—for the World War [World War I], for the new wars in Abyssinia, China, Spain, and now our new great war [World War II]."

He added:

"I should like to remodel this Christ. I should like to make it hundreds of feet high, and set it up on some high place for all to see, where it would radiate its warning, its mighty symbolic warning to all lands. The Jew—the Galilean—condemns our wars, and warns us that 'Peace, Peace!' must be still the watchword between man and man."

Another presentation of Christ was the *Ecce Homo*. This is a colossal stone carving—a huge head bearing a crown of thorns, thick sad lips, sightless almond-shaped eyes, and two great hands tied with a rope. This time nearly everybody

was incensed, and among the most outspoken critics were members of Parliament. But, to their great embarrassment, the dean of St. Paul, Dr. Walther Matthews, defended the figure: "It gives the impression of great strength, very different from the weak, sentimental representations of Christ with which we have been made familiar."

The third Christ, the *Consummation Est*, caused the greatest outcry. To many people it was, and remains, the "most shocking" and "repulsive" of the three. Epstein was inspired by the Biblical passage that reads: "He said, It is finished, and he bowed his head, and gave up his ghost." This pink alabaster Christ is recumbent, the helplessness of approaching death upon him. His eyes are closed, his mouth turns downward at the corners, and his huge palms are upturned to show the stigmata as a final gesture to the world. One can imagine how overwhelmingly strong this work would be in a dim crypt, with subdued light on the semi-transparent alabaster. It would be a thankless task to record all the epithets hurled, like so many foul eggs, against this masterpiece. But there were also people to defend it. Alfred Bossom, member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, was one of them. "It makes you think," he said. "What I mean is, his work can't be ignored. You can't pass Epstein's sculpture without noticing it. It may annoy you, or charm you, or shock you, but it produces a definite reaction, and I like that—art with a bite in it."

Unfortunately, there were Jewish bigots who rebuked the artist for occupying himself with the symbols of a religion that is not his own. But Epstein never concealed his origin, nor, for that matter, the racial origin of Christ. Besides, an artist has to serve all creeds, and all nationalities. He belongs to mankind, never to a single group of people alone. Marc Chagall drew Christ many times—Jesus as a suffering bearded rabbi. Epstein's Jewishness, as revealed in his

work, has been noted by anti-Semitic hotspurs like the Mosleyites who defaced his statues with swastikas, but also by unbiased critics who registered it without much ado. Commenting on the famous *Madonna and Child* of 1926-27, Philip James declared, in the Tate Gallery catalogue:

"This conception of the Madonna was inspired by the Indian woman Sunita, and her son posed for the Christ Child. This, however, implies not a stylized borrowing from Indian art but a predilection for the Negro and Oriental types which have so often stirred the sculptor's Jewish blood."

Another critic, Charles Spencer, writing for a South African Jewish publication, dwelt upon Epstein's interest in Christian themes:

"Epstein has often found inspiration in the New Testament for some of his finest work, which is somewhat strange for so Jewish an artist, but his approach is hardly Christian in the traditional sense. He brings to his studies of the Madonna a natural simplicity devoid of the religious awe or pretty sentimentality. The human side of the story is always foremost."

IV

The artist knows very well that he is, or was, the subject of countless controversies, and that he has, or has had, many adversaries. He was told by a gallery owner that an angry visitor had exclaimed: "I should like to take Epstein out to a butcher shop and have his hands chopped off." He remembers that a confused and bewildered British Prime Minister almost fainted as he was unveiling one of his monuments in Hyde Park. But the artist also realizes that, as time went on, more and more people understood his motivation, and agreed with him. One cultured New Yorker said at the time of the *Adam* controversy: "To me, Adam is as if he were not made by a man, but by mankind." Even more strikingly to the point is the defense of another admirer: "It seems to me Epstein is rejected be-

cause, after all, he is inferring that the blasphemer may be in hearts other than his own."

Epstein is extremely honest, and much too outspoken for his own good. He is not, and never was, a wealthy man. Philistines of many countries would have gladly forgiven him his "monstrosities," and even paid him excellent fees, had he consented to portray them flatteringly in stone or bronze. But the artist refused to forget, for convenience's sake, that a portrait, though faithful to the sitter, must be shorn of all superficialities and non-essentials, and that it is the artist's task, not to create a "perfect likeness," a three-dimensional photograph perpetuating the external aspects of the sitter, but to analyze his personality. An art patron who commissioned Epstein to portray a well-connected aristocratic lady was infuriated when he discovered that he had made her look as she actually was, instead of like Venus—a middle-aged schoolmarmish woman. And when a certain Duke requested that his likeness be carved in the gala uniform he had worn at the coronation of George V, the artist sternly refused to portray him in a majesty he did not possess, and insisted that the Duke wear ordinary clothes. Yet Epstein did not waste his art of portraiture on socialites and aristocrats more than necessary. Among the men who posed for him were the novelist Joseph Conrad, great in all his sickness and loneliness; the exiled Albert Einstein whom he showed in a sweater with his wild hair flowing in the wind; another exile, Haile Sellasie, a tired man with deeply melancholy eyes; and finally, in 1951, Somerset Maugham, his expression twisted and wry.

It is now hard to think of Epstein as an artistic revolutionary, and it is ironic to remember that for years he has now belonged to the "reactionary" wing of sculpture; both his productions and utterances of recent vintage were generally hostile to the newer trends in art. To one critic, who looked at the lovely, yet very con-

servative pieces in the Tate Gallery Epstein produced in the last few years, he was "clearly an ancient." In a radio interview, broadcast over the B. B. C. network, the old man said, last fall, that the abstract art of today was "downright bad" and that he "felt ill" after having seen the work of some of the Surrealists. Like his old friend, Max Weber, he cannot stand the kind of purely abstract art that has no resemblance whatsoever to objects in the real world. "Non-objective art," Mr. Weber recently remarked to me: "what else is it but an art without an object!" This pun could have been made also by Epstein who idolizes the human body, and who once stated, categorically: "I am interested in humanity—not in the abstract."

When they are old, great people are likely to suffer from amnesia. In his radio interview, Epstein remarked about his young colleagues' work that "Ugliness is what is sought for, and, by Jove, found." Yet, how often, in the past, has his own work been called ugly. Still, it is a fact that Epstein was generous enough to write an introduction to the catalogue of Henry Moore's first exhibition, though he does not care for the trend represented by this artist. But his utterances are, altogether, of smaller importance than his creation on metal and stone. "I don't make controversies," he once remarked. "I make sculpture." Asked to suggest a quotation for the catalogue of his 1917 exhibition, he proposed one from the Elizabethan dramatist, John Ford: "I rest silent in my work."

Twentieth century sculpture has gone far beyond Epstein who stands at the beginning of the road. Philip James clearly placed the artist where he belongs—midway between the romanticism of the 19th century and the trends that have dominated the scene in the past twenty-five years: "He stands in a sense as a link between two worlds, with one foot, or should one say one hand, in each." Without Epstein there might have been no Henry Moore. As for such abstract or semi-abstract young Britishers as Robert Adams, Barbara Hepworth, and John Skeaping, and like-minded artists of the same generation elsewhere, they are grateful to the paunchy old gentleman of Hyde Park Gate for having been provocatively revolutionary in a period when art was still complacently Victorian.

*Mother and Child*

JACOB EPSTEIN

An Eye for an Eye

By VIKTOR FISCHL

RAMAT ZEITIM, a kibbutz situated on a slope of the last valley before the frontier, hardly three kilometers from Trans-Jordan, had passed a bad night. Shortly after two o'clock the bell began to sound the alarm, and when, still half sleeping and barely dressed, they ran to the water tower in the center of the settlement, they found both nightwatchmen, Simon and Jonah, in a pitiable state. Jonah, with a knife-wound in his back, was lying unconscious against the concrete foundations of the tower, and Simon, without a shirt—he had torn it to bandage Jonah's bleeding wound—with eyes wide open and gasping for air, was giving an account of what had happened. They had been keeping watch, each at one end of the kibbutz. After every second hour they met in the kitchen to drink a cup of tea. At two, Jonah did not appear, so Simon went to look for him, and there, down near the sheds, he found him in a pool of blood, with a knife in his back, choking, gagged with an Arab tarbush. When he regained consciousness for a short while, he whispered a few words, from which Simon gathered that shortly after midnight he was ambushed by two Arabs, who overpowered him, took his rifle and drove three cows towards the frontier. Simon brought him on his back to the tower. Now they must go and catch the culprits, he insisted, whatever happened, they must.

"Wait." It was Ephraim who stopped them. A long-limbed fellow with a protruding jaw, who never spoke much, but who had been chosen for three years running as the head of the kibbutz.

"They must have crossed the frontier a long time ago."

And while Motke, the kibbutz doctor, was treating the wounded Jonah and helping to carry him to the hut which served as a hospital, Ephraim gave his last orders:

"Go to bed. In a few hours we must go to work. I shall take over the rest of the watch with Ruben."

They slept little during the rest of that night. When they met again at six in the morning in front of the water tower to hear the orders about the division of work for that day, the pale sun, penetrating only slightly the morning coolness, was falling on sleepy, colorless faces and eyes still burning with the excitement of the previous night.

"Something must be done. This cannot go on."

Gideon, the tractor driver, a wide shouldered, shortish young man with bushy eyebrows meeting at the root of a firm nose and a bull's neck, brought down a clenched fist into the palm of his other hand and hissed through healthy teeth:

"Five cows in one month."

"One last month, two horses in April, four cows in Ramat Daniel, a horse in Givat Shmonah, three in Jarkut, two donkeys at Kfar Amos. . ."

Uri, the bookkeeper and statistician of the kibbutz, quickly drew a mental balance sheet.

"That means twenty-four animals in our region within three months."

And as usual, he began to tell them a joke, at which everyone laughed. All but Gideon. On his square forehead a vein

stood out and his voice jumped a whole octave in excitement.

"This is no time for jokes, I'm telling you. We cannot leave things as they are. And we all know the only language they understand."

The whole day long he could think of nothing else. An eye for an eye. They were ploughing a long strip of field near the frontier that day, he and Dan, with both tractors. They had to plough deep in heavy soil, and just as the knife of the plough was turning the earth furrow after furrow, so rage was turning angry thoughts in his mind and stringing them into a plan. An eye for an eye. They will never stop as long as we don't take back what belongs to us. They won't stop stealing from us as long as we don't show them we can do the same thing. Furrow after furrow he was preparing the soil of his plan for the sowing of deeds.

At noon he put both hands to his mouth and called across the field. Dan turned his tractor and followed him to the edge of the field. They stopped the machines and jumped down. Gideon, sitting himself in the shadow of a tree, passed Dan half of his lunch. The olive grove was close to the frontier and from where they were sitting they could see the other side. Arab fields and pastures sloping gradually into the valley, seemingly near enough to hold in their palms and yet stretching far away to a blue background of mountains, a pattern broken only now and then by a group of stone houses, a few trees or a dense orange grove. Grapes were growing on the terraced slopes. Down behind the vineyard, just ahead of them, they could see a lonely house. It could not be more than about three hundred meters on the other side of the frontier and a herd of sheep was grazing on the pasture around the building. In the clear, transparent air they could even see the small figure of a shepherd sitting in the shadow of some trees, and a dog running round and round the flock till in the end he lay down in the shadow of his master's legs.

"We must get hold of those sheep over there. We must steal them."

It came so suddenly and Dan felt Gideon's eyes fixed on his face so strongly that he stopped between two bites.

"That's a bad joke. You can't be serious."

"More than that. It's the only way to stop their stealing from us."

And then he developed his plan. He spoke with self assurance, with emphasis, his voice trembling with excitement, stressing their losses. Like a sweeping wind he demolished Dan's objections. Like a wild storm he swept away his doubts. And when at the end of the hour's rest they got up to return to their machines, Dan was convinced and won over.

At that moment the barking of dogs was heard from the other side of the olive grove in the direction of the kibbutz, voices wafted through the trees and soon the figures of a few men appeared through the branches. They were holding back dogs on chains. From far away they could recognize Ephraim, who in the morning had sent for the police from the nearest station, and Simon, who was walking with three men in uniform. The dogs, with their heads down to the earth, and tongues hanging out, were scenting and pulling at their leashes through the olive grove to the place where a little while back Gideon and Dan had been sitting. When they reached the frontier they had to be held back by force and kept from running on. It was some time before they could be calmed down and even then they did not stop barking at the solitary house with the flock of sheep grazing around it. But in the end they were led back the way they had come. Dan looked at Gideon. Their eyes met. They understood one another. There was no doubt. Gideon's plan was the right one.

The same day they disclosed the plan to four others: to Simon, whose heart jumped with joy at the thought that at least in this way he would be able to avenge Jonah; to Ruben and Jaakov who were in charge of the cattle and who

were supposed to drive the herd of sheep away; and to David, the driver, who had to drive them in a tender to the frontier and wait for them, should anything untoward happen.

David was the only one to show some doubts. It was easy to convince the other three. But David insisted that Ephraim know about it and give his consent. Gideon regretted having confided in him at all. They might have walked the three kilometers to the frontier. They did not need David. But now it was too late. They told him everything and if he insisted on bringing the tale to Ephraim himself, that would finish it. So he forced himself into indifference:

"All right, agreed. I shall talk to Ephraim."

"If he agrees, I'll go with you," shouted David after him, standing in the doorway of his hut.

Gideon knew. Ephraim would never agree. He came from Germany. A Yekeh. Law and discipline, discipline and law. That was Ephraim all over. He will never understand that a guy has to take a risk sometimes; that one has to take the law in one's hands if necessary, and anyway, that one must not put up with everything, but at times repay a blow with a blow and speak the other man's language. Ephraim will never grasp all this. That much Gideon knew. But that he would fall over him like a bitch whose puppies were being taken from her, that this tall, reticent fellow would heap a mountain of angry words on his head, that he would drive him away like a mangy dog, he certainly did not expect.

"Never! You understand? Never! We are no thieves. Drive it out of your blasted skull, or I shall drive you out of here."

A long time afterwards these words resounded in his ears. It did not help that Ephraim ran after him the moment he turned round and left the room without saying a word.

"Don't be angry. Maybe I was too

harsh. But this is serious. And I am responsible."

He put a hand on his shoulder as if wanting to console him. And Gideon only answered that everything was all right and he even forced himself to smile. But this did not help. Ephraim's threat went round and round in his mind. And it only strengthened his decision.

Nothing showed in his face that evening when Ephraim announced at the meeting of all kibbutz members that, as a precautionary measure, it was necessary to double the night watch. He knew what to think of these precautions. They had no men to spare. Their manpower was already stretched to the breaking point. But he did not say a word. After the meeting he went from one to the other, from Simon to Jaakov, from David to Ruben and Jonah, and told them:

"You have heard Ephraim. But what you have heard was not meant for your ears. I spoke to him. He agrees with our plan. Of course, he must not know about anything officially. He asks that no one should talk to him about this. What he had to say at the meeting is his alibi. He will double the night watch. Nothing else. But he knows of our plan and he believes that it will help. So be prepared tomorrow at midnight."

He was certain they believed him. Tomorrow at midnight they would strike. And then we shall see who was right.

The next evening, soon after dinner, he left the dining hall. Once outside the settlement, he turned left to the orange groves and disappeared among the low trees. Now running, now walking, sometimes crawling, but always careful not to be seen, he reached a spot in the frontier near the lonely house, silhouetted in the distance. A pale light was shining through its only window. To the right of the window there was a low door. A man came out, moved around the flock of sheep resting on the ground nearby and, returning to the door, sat down on a low stool in front of it. After a while he got

up and went to meet two other men approaching from the opposite direction. They greeted each other ceremoniously and all three entered the house.

It was after eleven when Gideon returned to the kibbutz. He went directly to Simon's hut. He had to arrange one more thing, something he had not spoken of so far. Simon had, among other tasks, the job of keeper of the arms-store, a feature of all frontier settlements ever since the war. Even if they did not need any arms, one never knows and Gideon was determined not to leave anything to chance. It would certainly be necessary to hold in check those three in the shepherd's house and God knows, one or the other might have the bright idea of putting up a defense. Of course, they are yellow dogs, but they are also vile, base, unaccountable. Everyone must carry at least a pistol and a handful of bullets.

Simon was taken aback when he heard what Gideon had in mind. He tried to joke:

"Are we going to shoot the sheep?"

But on the whole it was not difficult to disperse his doubts. It was enough to shrug one's shoulders and say that one never knows, and to add, by the way, that Ephraim knows about this too and that he agrees. Half an hour later Simon was handing guns to the six of them. Everybody got a pistol and a dozen bullets; he himself took his rifle which he used to carry on night watch, and he only smiled when he saw Gideon putting a hand-grenade in his belt. Precisely at midnight they met at the appointed place on the highroad a little outside the kibbutz, where David with his tender was already waiting for them. They jumped on the car and drove up the uneven road toward the frontier. At the last field they descended, and while David brought the car under the branches of the first trees, the rest of them disappeared in the olive grove. Bent to the earth they came to the Arab vineyard which formed the frontier, slid over its terraces and crawled towards the house. Jaakov and Ruben were to

get behind the herd, while Dan and Gideon would enter the building and hold the three inside until the sheep were safely across the frontier. Simon was to stay behind, cover the door of the house with his gun, and help with the flock if necessary.

They were crawling carefully, each from his side, when suddenly a dog began to bark and they saw it running towards the spot where Simon lay. They pressed their bodies close to the earth. Then, for a second, the suddenly erect figure of Simon could be seen. They heard the dry blow of his rifle butt cracking on the dog's skull. The beast had not even time to squeal and Simon again threw his whole length down to the ground.

Each got up only when he reached his spot near the house. Dan, with his pistol in one hand and a torch in the other, was the first to approach the door. He tried the handle, leaning his whole body against the door. It did not give. On the pasture behind the house the bleating of the first disturbed sheep could be heard. He tried the handle again, but the door was locked. He was about to force it, when a voice called from inside:

"Who is it?"

He groped for the few words of Arabic he knew.

"It's me. Open. Quickly."

A shot resounded through the closed door and Dan, with a painful cry, fell to the earth. He was moaning like a wounded animal.

Gideon was standing only a few steps from him. In the fraction of a second before the crackling sound of the shot, he could look through the window into the room with the pale light of an oil lamp burning, and what he saw took his breath away. Panicky, he ran back to where Simon lay.

Trembling all over he whispered:

"There are twenty of them inside. Perhaps more."

At the same instant there came the sound of broken glass and shots crackled

through the window. Jaakov and Ruben answered with their pistols. The shooting from the house did not cease.

"We must go back," was Gideon's decision.

"And what about Dan?"

They could hear his moaning between shots.

"The shooting will bring them reinforcements and then we shall all remain here."

"We cannot leave Dan here."

Only now Simon lifted his gun and began to fire shot after shot into the window. Gideon joined him with his pistol. But they only succeeded in drawing the fire from the window towards themselves. For a moment they saw Jaakov's square figure running over to the place where Dan lay moaning. A shot and Jaakov, bending over his wounded friend, gave a howling cry and drawing behind him a bleeding leg, went stumbling back again as quickly as he could.

Suddenly Gideon took a decision.

"Keep on shooting," he whispered into Simon's ear and began to crawl quickly towards the house. Bullet sparks were crossing over his head in both directions. He rolled over a few feet to where the sparks of the shooting did not light the ground. Then he crawled a few meters nearer to the house. Leaning on one elbow, he pulled the string to the fuse, counted up to three and threw the grenade into the black square of the window.

Hugging the earth, his face buried in the grassy ground of the pasture, he waited. The fraction of a second before the explosion was an eternity. Then the hollow, ear-splitting sound of the detonation mixed with the rolling of falling stones, shouts of horror, moaning cries of wounded men and the wailing bleating of the frightened herd, was swallowed up by a column of smoke rushing out of the window and rising over the ruins of the house. Two men in rags, with hands raised high over their heads, stumbled out through the door torn out by the

explosion. In Gideon's pistol there were still two bullets left.

All ran to where Dan lay wounded. He was not moaning any longer. But he was still breathing. Without a word they raised him from the ground and carried him quickly over the pasture, over the field and the terraces of the vineyard up to the frontier. Ruben behind them half-supported, half-carried, the wounded Jaakov.

David was waiting for them up at the olive grove. When he heard the first shots he turned the car. He was ready with the car in gear. They placed both wounded men at the bottom of the car and they jumped in. Without a word they drove to the kibbutz. Only when they got down and quickly brought a stretcher for Dan, Simon suddenly laid his hand on Gideon's shoulder, and said to him, half-whispering, so that no one else should hear:

"Here's your eye for an eye."

Gideon did not answer. He brushed off Simon's hand. With downcast eyes he followed the stretcher-bearers to the doctor's hut.

Not many words were spoken. Motke, the kibbutz doctor, treated Jaakov's leg, shot through the muscle, and raised his hands helplessly over Dan. They brought him quickly back to the car and drove him to the hospital. Toward morning he died.

Not many words were spoken the next day either, when they brought him back to lay him to rest in the little graveyard up near the orange grove under a row of cypresses, where eight members of the kibbutz, killed during the war with the Arabs, lay buried. Without a word they passed the fresh grave and each of them laid a stone and a stalk of grass on the little earth mound. Only when it was Gideon's turn to lay down his pebble, a gap suddenly formed around him. He could hear the stillness. Like the wind running his fingers through a corn field. A hush. And silence again.

Not many words were spoken later

either. Only in the dining hall, whenever he came to the table, those sitting there either finished their meal hurriedly, or had suddenly something to say to someone at the next table.

The third night Dinah came from Gideon's hut to Chanah. All she said to Dan's widow was:

"I do not want to live with him. I want to move to your place."

And Chanah only nodded silently and showed her a corner of the room, where Dan's high boots were still standing.

"Put your things down in the corner over there."

A whole week he fought his solitude. Then everything broke in him. He knew they would never forgive him. Not that he broke the discipline. Not that he had lied to them. Not that he had taken the law in his own hands. Not that his plan did not succeed. Perhaps not even that by his lack of discipline he had caused Dan's death. No, not all that. But they would never forgive him that he, who had preached an eye for an eye, could walk among them, could breathe their air, after he had killed. Here you have your eye for an eye. He could still hear in his ears what Simon had hissed in his face that night a week ago. And he understood now the entire meaning of it.

The whole day, while driving his tractor round and round a wide field, he could think of nothing else. Like the day when he was preparing his plan. An eye for an eye. Just like then. It was his eye this time. He killed. By what right could he live? How could he remain unpunished? The deep silence of the wide country, sifted only through the monotonous sound of the tractor, did not answer him. The high sky, only now and again cut by the spinning flight of a bird of prey, did not answer; the clods of earth turned by the plough did not answer and resounded only with the same persisting voice of singing cicadas. He knew that no one would answer him. Only he himself must provide the answer.

And it was clear. So clear. It would be enough to let the motor run and jump down in front of the tractor's dents. Only the broken skull would give a dry crackling sound and the weight of the tractor would press the dead body deep into the warm earth. It was all so clear, so easy. And yet, he knew he would never have the courage. He was a coward. He knew it now. This was the worst of all. A coward. Would he not have run away if Simon had not stopped him. Wouldn't he have let Dan die out there if it had not been for the others? A coward, a coward, he kept saying to himself to the accompaniment of the pitiless monotonous droning of the motor.

In the evening he went to see Ephraim. And again not many words were spoken. He only said:

"I am leaving the kibbutz. I shall go tomorrow."

And Ephraim went over to the open window and shook out the ashes from his cold pipe. Then he said:

"We are not driving you away."

And after a while he added:

"You drove yourself away."

When early in the morning, before the kibbutz woke up, he was leaving his hut for the last time, Ephraim stood in front of the door.

"I came to say goodbye."

He was stretching out his bony hand. And while accompanying him with his long, rocking steps on the way to the highroad, he asked:

"Can we do something for you?"

They reached the highroad. They stopped and Gideon, with a catch in his voice said:

"Don't think of me badly."

After two steps he turned round and, as if he wanted to correct what he had just said, added:

"Don't think of me."

And to himself he said: "A life for a life." Then he stepped out onto the uneven road.

Kenya, Africa

By HENRY MERRITT

THE HISTORIAN of a century hence may well classify our present period as not only a time of conflict between two economic systems but of colonial unrest and upheaval.

Immediately after World War II, the center of the colonial independence was the Far East. Today, there is no center—the entire colonial area of the earth is in turmoil and upheaval. The latest development has been the outbursts of native violence in Kenya, East Africa. If one were to accept the interpretation of the terrorism offered by British Colonial Secretary, Oliver Lyttelton, he would find himself back in the 19th century with Cecil Rhodes and other builders of the British Empire.

According to Secretary Lyttelton the native Mau Mau movement is a “perverted nationalism and a sort of nostalgia for barbarism.” He goes on to report that the movement is an unholy alliance of savagery and modern gangster methods.

It is true that the Mau Mau Organization is a secret terroristic society. Its efforts are directed not only against the European and Asiatic settler but against the folkways and mores of the white man. The movement and the reasons for its activity at the present time cannot be dismissed with trite phrases and characterizations as does the Foreign Secretary. The causes for its birth, development, and present upsurge are varied and must be understood if a solution is to be achieved.

Kenya was originally a possession of the British East Africa Colony. In 1895 it became a British Protectorate and in 1919 it was annexed as Kenya Colony.

During the early days of the present century many Britons and South African Whites migrated to Kenya. They were joined by others after the first World War. Because Kenya is a lofty plateau region, its climate is conducive to settlement by white men. The land is fertile and a variety of products can be raised in its soil. Grains of all sorts, cotton, rice, coffee, sugar, and groundnuts can be and are grown.

The favorable climatic conditions has attracted settlers not only from England and South Africa, but also Indians and Arabs. There are today about 25,000 Whites, 40,000 Indians, some Arabs, and about 5,000,000 Africans, in Kenya Colony.

The coming of the White man and the establishment of the Colony meant that the native African was restricted to his tribal reservation. This gave rise to the first area of discontent. Over the years the tribes have grown in numbers so that the tribal holdings per family have decreased in size. We can understand this better when we consider that the Kikuyus tribes from which the Mau Mau society developed has grown from about 50,000 people in 1900 to close to 1,000,000 members at the present time. There has been no increase in the landholdings of this tribe over the years. Ownership of the land is passed down from father to son so that the individual holdings are getting smaller with each generation.

The land problem, however, is not the only cause of the present discontent. The anti-Christian aspect of the Mau Mau Society has been emphasized by Mr. Lyttelton. It is a fact that the terrorist organiza-

tion fights not only against the white settler, but against the religion of the white man as well.

The missionaries to Kenya came not only from England but from the United States as well. They brought religion, medicine, schools, and modern hygiene to the natives. That the natives benefited from the medical attention of the missionaries cannot be denied. Then why is the hatred directed against the missionary?

Sociologists have noted that the natives of Kenya were deeply disturbed by the fact that their nomadic life has been brought to an end. The pace of the White Man's civilization has been too much for them. The taboos placed by the missionary upon the native customs has developed frustrations among the natives. Men whose fathers were warriors and hunters have no outlets for their desires and ego. Even tribal dances and native feasts have been denied to them by the Christian missionaries. It is this condition that has caused a resentment against the new religion.

It is interesting to note that the British Government soon after it annexed Kenya as a colony, announced that the interests of the African population should "not be subordinated to another race, however important in itself."

The activity of the Mau Mau Society has been watched since 1940. Its terrorism, directed mainly against missions and white settlers, has been waged for only a few months. There is reason to believe that the terroristic acts have been magnified by the Colonial Administration. Through the 5 month period ending in October, a total of 37 murders attributed to the Mau Maus was reported. Of these, 34 were committed in August, September, and October. In other words, the overwhelming majority of the capital crimes have been reported since the start of the repression waged by the Kenya Government.

It is granted by observers that the aim of the terrorists has been not only to frighten the Europeans, but also to in-

timidate the natives to support the Mau Maus. The retaliation of the British with harsh measures has to some extent worked to the advantage of the secret society. British troops, policemen, and colonial troops were sent in the areas occupied by the Kikuyus to arrest suspected Mau Mau members. Unfortunately, the British have blundered in the indiscriminate arrest of Africans with no Mau connection. Native leaders have pointed out that this procedure would drive natives who are against terrorism into the camp of the Mau Maus. These native leaders have at the same time attacked the terrorists for throwing a monkey wrench into the plans of the constructive native independence movement.

Two Kikuyu leaders, E. W. Mathu, head of the African Members of the Colonial Council, and Harry Thuju have made this appeal to their tribesmen. With regard to the Mau Mau these men have said: "We condemn it utterly, and all its deeds. We urge you to denounce it together with its leaders and those who are its followers. . . If you continue to follow this evil association of Mau Mau you are spoiling the land and putting the clock back."

The drive against the Mau Maus has resulted in British Action that is almost as brutal as the terrorism they are combatting. The seizure of the Africans' cattle and the refusal to return same unless the natives reveal the identity of Mau Mau members has created havoc among natives who formerly had little if any sympathy for the terrorists. The forceful removal of natives from their land and the indiscriminate round up of native women and children into barbed-wire enclosures has been condemned in Parliament by Labor Party members. The Labor Party has also voiced its objection to the Colonial Government's plan for collective retribution for individual crimes.

The Kenya African Union, a native organization of 100,000 members fighting for self-government, has denounced the

emergency measures taken by the British as playing into the hands of the secret ritualistic society. The union has listed its demands for a democratic self-governing colony along with human rights for all inhabitants. The British have retaliated by arresting one of its leaders, Jomo Kenyatta, as a suspected Mau Mau member. This was done in spite of the fact that the Union is pledged to expel any Mau Mau members from its ranks. It was Kenyatta who called attention to the fact that the Mau Maus are being sold arms by Asiatic and possibly European traders. It is against the law for Africans to buy or keep any arms. Kenyatta has pointed out that the supply of arms held by the terrorists could not have been stolen. For this and for his belief in self-government, Kenyatta is rewarded by being put on trial and facing a maximum sentence of 14 years. Thus the British are alienating the native movement that could suppress the terrorists.

Another blunder in tactics has been the declaration by Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya, that proposed economic and social reforms for the colony will now be postponed. The reforms included the expenditure of \$19,000,000 on housing, new hospitals, roads, new sources of water supply and agricultural development.

In contrast to the Colonial Secretary's report on the causes of the terrorism, two British Labor members of Parliament have concluded that the cause of the tense situation was mainly economic. Both men, Leslie Hale and Fennér Brockway (former head of the Left-Wing Independent Labor Party), blame the land hunger, Jim Crowism, low wages, and the increased cost of living as the causes for the violence.

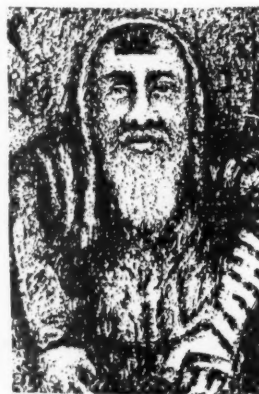
In their visit to the troubled colony both men were forced to accept armed escorts. They tried to refuse the escorts on the grounds that their investigation would be hampered by the presence of the military. In a farewell statement prior to their return to England, Mr. Brockway

stated, "the armed escort which has accompanied us into the reserves has deterred free expression of opinion, and we have been deeply concerned at the number of arrests that have been made of persons who have been in contact or communication with us."

This action has not only hampered an investigation by Europeans friendly to the Africans, but it has also made for a condition whereby natives will be reluctant to further communication with sympathetic white people.

British Military Action may suppress the terrorist movement but it cannot destroy the African's desire for fair treatment, land reform, and self-government. The action taken to restrict the activity of the Kenya African Union is a serious mistake. This organization has been conducting a constructive campaign for justice for the native and self-government for all the inhabitants of the colony. If not hampered, it can win the support of the Africans to its program.

Instead of postponing the projected reforms, the British Government has the obligation of implementing and extending these reforms to include self-government and ultimate right of self-determination. Only such determined action can forestall the race hatred and desperation now rampant in the Union of South Africa.



Tefilem CHARLES HECHTER

Henry Harland and the Jewish Press

By MARVIN MAGALANER

IT TOOK a great deal to excite the normally staid American-Jewish press in the Eighties, but novelist Henry Harland managed singlehandedly to turn the trick.* The publication of Harland's *The Yoke of the Torah* in 1887 signalled the beginning of a controversy which, for the remainder of the decade, was to pit editor against editor, reviewer against reviewer, and even rabbi against rabbi. Everyone who had read the book—and even some who had not—seemed anxious to take a stand on the central issue of the novel, the moral propriety of intermarriage between Gentile and Jew. Whatever harm his novel may have done to the cause of Jewish-Gentile relationships, it certainly was a boon to lagging circulation. In addition, it infused badly needed pep into a singularly uninspired group of American-Jewish newspapers.

These papers, usually published weekly, were in the main dreary affairs. Except for giants in the field, like the venerable *Jewish Messenger* in New York, most of them were little more than newsletters, containing from four to eight badly printed pages. Their most attractive columns were those devoted to advertisements of underwear sales at Macy's or B. Altman. Elsewhere in each issue might be found elaborate notices of a fashionable Jewish wedding in St. Louis; or the heartening information that Mr. Mack of Cincinnati

was recovering from a head cold. There would be the inevitable tragic "short" story, surrounded by jokes of the Joe Miller variety, which filled the surplus spaces of many columns. The editorials, though often narrow in outlook, could occasionally "sympathize profoundly with American missionaries in Corea (sic), who are accused by the populace of Seoul of purchasing, killing, and boiling for medicinal purposes a number of Corean children." When a newspaper had a literary page, it was generally devoted to reviews of scholarly theological texts, written in German or Hebrew.

Harland had scouted this literary no-man's-land in 1885 and 1886 with his first two novels, *As It Was Written: A Jewish Musician's Story* and *Mrs. Peixada*, without mishap. The influential *Jewish Messenger* had greeted the appearance of the first book with the remark that "To Sidney Luska we owe a debt of gratitude for charming us with a powerful story."

Such praise was mild, however, when compared with the elaborate superlatives lavished upon the books by the American press. The *New York Times* called *As It Was Written* "a capital novel . . . (an) able and moving dramatic effort," while the *Tribune* went all out to stamp the pot-boiler as a "triumph of art." Indeed, the publication of *Mrs. Peixada* stirred the dean of American literary men, William Dean Howells, to raptures of joy. He called it "so good in some things that it is a pleasure to recognize its fresh ground. . ." Moreover, Howells and many reviewers like him found most praise-

* For a discussion of Harland's interesting life, and for a fresh view of his anti-Semitic bias, see Susan Rieff's "Henry Harland: The Philo-Semite as Anti-Semite," in *THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM*, Spring, 1952.

worthy what the Jewish critics were later to condemn as vicious—Harland's treatment of the Jews as Jews. "We are glad," says Howells, "that Mr. Luska has kept to his chosen people, and that he gives us Jews again. . . Mr. Luska's mastery is in the treatment of his various Israelites. . . They are neither flattered nor caricatured; they are simply portrayed with truth by a hand that is already firm." Since this judgment of Harland's attitude toward Jews is completely reversed by many Jewish writers during the Yoke dispute, it is well to bear in mind that these same writers have doubts about Howells' own feelings toward the Semite.

Harland himself appears to have given much practical thought to his possible reception by the American press, but none at all to the reactions of Jewish periodicals. In his autobiographical novel, *Grandison Mather: An Account of the Fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gardiner*, he explains his reason for adopting a pseudonym. He will call himself Grandison Mather (Sidney Luska) so that if his book "should be a failure," he will not "be handicapped by it. But if it succeeds, I can drop the nom-de-plume, run up my true colors, and no one will be the loser." Accordingly, as soon as the *Times* and other papers approved of his work, he let it be known that Henry Harland was the real author, not stopping to wait for the judgment of the Jewish press, of whose existence he was probably only vaguely aware.

What was there about *The Yoke of the Torah* which precipitated the angry storm of words? Certainly the plot was not worldshaking. A Jewish artist, Elias Bacharach, falls in love with a beautiful Gentile girl, Christine Redwood. Her father, though he has reservations concerning Jews in the abstract, welcomes Elias heartily as a son-in-law. Elias' problem, however, is to break the news to his orthodox, narrowminded uncle, Rabbi Gedaza, who feels that the worst sin a Jew can commit is to marry a non-Jew.

When the uncle is finally told of the impending marriage, he insists calmly that God will never permit such a sinful union to occur. At the altar, Elias is struck down by an epileptic attack, which he interprets, with the rabbi's encouragement, as the hand of God. He jilts the heartbroken Christine and mopes until his uncle introduces him to the Koch household. In this kindhearted but vulgar Jewish circle he meets and is pressured into marrying Tillie Morgenthau. The marriage is comfortable but loveless for Elias. Finally, he can stand it no longer, writes to Christine confessing his continuing love, and begs her to meet him in Central Park. Meanwhile, he learns of her marriage to another man, and, while keeping the appointment in the park, he dies of another stroke. Such a plot, which would probably pass unchallenged on the stage of a Jewish theater on Second Avenue, became the *cause célèbre* of the Eighties.

The greatest measure of scorn for Harland's "misrepresentations" of Jews and Jewish life came from the younger and weaker Jewish papers. In its very first issue, *The Jewish Exponent* jumped into the fray, with Nina Cohen arraying herself against "a sensational writer who professes to know all about Jews from a personal acquaintance, and who selects them as the fittest subjects for his 'artistic' delivery." His reflections about Jews, she decides, are more damaging than those of Henry James, for the latter appeals to a limited, cultivated class, while "Sidney Luska" presents "to an ignorant and prejudiced class of readers a view of Judaism to which a 'Samuel of Posen' exposition would be just and dignified."

The *Exponent* finds, moreover, that the twenty-six year old writer, in his estimate of Jewish life in New York, is looking backward. His depiction of Jewish rituals and practices is "in direct and open enmity with the progress of the age, with the nobler and more refined instincts of humanity." Specifically, the reviewer selects

Harland's remarks on intermarriage as tremendously harmful to Jewish-Gentile relations:

Mr. Luska applies to our own times the prohibition against intermarriage with the idolatrous nations of Canaan together with the decree of extermination promulgated against them. Can such a statement call forth toward us any feeling but bitterness and hatred?

What hurts the columnist is not that Harland holds such opinions but that he is "indorsed by the great mass of the unthinking . . . who are not disposed to question the fact that a Jew's aversion to intermarriage can arise from aught but bigotry, and they agree with Mr. Luska that his 'hero' is exceptional, 'a white Jew, not like the rest.'"

What can the Jews do, asks the writer, about such misrepresentation. They can know about, and care about, their religion, and make it their business to let others know about it too. The *Yoke* incident is to be made the rallying point of a movement for the enlightenment of the Gentiles in the true ways of Jewish life. For "the time has come when we must speak for Judaism, or the false prophet will speak for us."

By this time, "the false prophet" must have known that he was in a fight. The editorial writers of *The Jewish Exponent*, aroused and belligerent, were hurling charges of "degrading sensationalism;" in addition, they were stamping his portrayal of Jewish life as "thoroughly abhorrent . . . false, and unworthy of an honorable writer." Hitting the practical Harland in a particularly vital spot, they called upon the *Philadelphia Press* to stop publishing his stories.

The highly respected *Jewish Messenger*, while its editorial columns advocated a policy of moderation and watchful waiting, allowed one of its readers to let off steam in a long open letter "To the Author of 'The Yoke of the Thorah.'" Signed "Cyril," the tirade is both sarcastic and forgiving:

I must give you credit, my dear Mr. Luska,

for persistence. You have followed one subject in your romances—the Jews. . . We Jews should be flattered. . . But with the natural perversity of our race, we refuse to be flattered. We are inclined rather to be angry, not with the author, who writes naught in malice . . . but with such a monstrosity as a Jewish-American story in this land of liberty.

The truth is, Mr. Luska, your latest novel is an anachronism . . . in New York City such Jews never were and are never likely to be—Jews who speak so classic an English and who are influenced by such mediaevalism and superstition . . . although the fluent and hearty personages you introduce are true enough to nature, they hardly have point enough. They are not Jewish: they are Germans who refused to be Americanized.

Not content to let the matter rest there, "Cyril" ticks off the points of disagreement one by one, refuting the statements of Jewish attitudes in *The Yoke*: ". . . do you really believe that, in case of a mixed marriage, the Jewish parents publish a death notice in the Jewish papers? . . . Then is it really customary, as you write, for Jews to present stained-glass windows to synagogues?"

These extreme distortions are easier for "Cyril" to refute than Harland's more subtle points. What bothers the critic-correspondent much more is "the wealth of beauty with which you have surrounded Christine and the atmosphere of commonplace about Tillie. Did you wish to contrast the Christian and the Jewess?" It is the probable reaction of the uninformed Gentile which bothers almost all Jewish critics of Harland's approach. They fear that most readers will say: "There, didn't I tell you how narrow the Jews are, how they hate us Christians, how they regard themselves as a superior race and will intermarry." Maybe Harland's idea was not "to teach such prejudice; but the story teaches it."

The eminent Dr. K. Kohler, writing in the even more eminent *Menorah*, gives a scholarly turn to "Cyril's" comments in what he calls "A Critique and a Protest" of *The Yoke*. Because his tone is quiet and reasoned, his serious arguments carry

greater weight than do the petulant outbursts of many of his critical contemporaries. The more impulsive *Jewish Exponent*, in fact, complains that "The mistake . . . the Rev. Doctor makes is that he treats Sidney Luska's misrepresentations of Jewish views entirely too seriously."

Kohler feels that Harland in *The Yoke* sneers at the Jews. And sneers without trying to correct those faults at which he mocks. Every Jewish person in the story, Kohler says, strikes one "as being more or less vulgar, uninteresting and repulsive by their odd, pretentious and obtrusive manners, which grate on every finer breeding." Nor can the occasional remarks of praise which Harland intersperses hide the "impression that the Jews, as a class, lack refinement and . . . gentle manners." If Tillie earns higher marks in college than does Christine, she is still far below her Gentile friend in maidenly modesty. Her talk is so common that Elias loses all taste for art and literature. "The former fine artist has turned into a plebeian ever since he moved in the atmosphere of Jewish society." But this is still comparatively mild anti-Semitism.

The true depths to which Harland has descended, to Kohler's mind, are not evident till the critic examines the novelist's position with regard to the Torah as a "yoke." In Harland's eyes, a Jew could rid himself of the restraint of the Torah "through death, or through life-long and total separation from all Jewish affiliation." Either he follows the Law or he is cursed by all Jews. That an author who purports to write seriously on the Jews should harbor such a superficial and dangerous concept worries Kohler as it had worried the columnist for the *Exponent*. "In the author's opinion," says Kohler of Harland, "the Torah is nothing less than a declaration of perpetual war of clannish, exclusive, bigoted, intolerant and superstitious Judaism against large-hearted, broad and vigorous humanity."

The enormity of Harland's misrepresentations of Jewish attitudes toward the

Thorah in the Eighties is objectionable in Elias' uncle, Rabbi Gedaza. That worthy considers the Christian atmosphere "infecting." He can be cold and heartless toward the suffering of the innocent, jilted Christine because "She is a Christian, a *Goy*, despised and abominated of the Lord. She has served her purpose. Now she must bear her punishment." These uncharitable sentiments, supposedly from the mouth of a New York rabbi, are to Kohler insufferably false and misleading. Quite to the contrary, he points out, the Torah specifically demands that "ye shall love the stranger," and that "One law and one statute shall there be for the inmate and the stranger."

On two points, Kohler and the other accusers of Harland are in agreement. First, they stress emphatically that where the Jews oppose intermarriage, they do it not out of cowardice or hate—but on the reasonable grounds of environmental difficulties and family hardships. And second, they fulminate against the novelist for knowing not whereof he speaks. In a mood scarcely consistent with his protestations of a desire for sweetness and light between Jew and Gentile, Kohler tells Harland to avoid mention of the Jewish problem. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," he warns, "for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

In the midst of these charges and re-creminations, *The Jewish Messenger*, almost alone among American-Jewish newspapers, maintained the even tenor of its ways. With such equanimity did it regard Harland's writings that it could, and did, take his part in print, when to do so must have shown high courage. On October 28, 1887, it declared that Mr. "Harlan" (sic) must not have a high opinion of Jewish critics who dub him a second Haman. (Kohler's article had asked whether the writer of *The Yoke* was "eager for . . . Haman-like fame.") The *Messenger* gave Harland's intentions, at least, a clean bill of health. It called him "a gentleman

singularly free from prejudice," and certainly not "an anti-Semitic scribe."

It is a dreadful pity that all his characters are not the highest type of Fifth avenue style, manners, and language; but even the most rabid pro-Semite . . . must recognize that some of us are not yet refined and cultured, and that we have our proportion of quite ordinary people. . . We voluntarily seek the ghetto, and in too many cases invite social ostracism . . . let us not condemn Mr. Harland too severely. Racial pride is allowable; but racial conceit is out of place.

Even the *Messenger*, however, could not condone Harland's views on intermarriage. When the non-Jewish *Critic* deduced the obvious from the novel and praised Harland for bringing out clearly the "difference in race (between Gentile and Jew) . . . by contrasting the Jewish horror of the Christian marriage with the Christian indifference to anything but the fact of love in the marriage," the *Messenger* felt called upon to oppose that view. Refuting *The Critic*, the Jewish paper found that the Jews are no more averse to intermarriage than are the principal sects of Christianity to marriage outside their own sects.

In spite of this slap, the *Messenger* had been unusually kind to Harland, and he was delighted to find a Jewish paper which had anything at all good to say about him. On October 31, 1887, he wrote an almost tearfully grateful letter of thanks to the *Messenger*. He appreciated "the kind things the *Messenger* has been saying in my behalf. I am glad to learn that you personally do not share the misunderstanding of my books which prevails generally among the Jewish reading public."

Undoubtedly, the reception of *The Yoke* was confusing and contradictory enough to reduce any young author to tearful uncertainty. The book was a best seller. People who should have known better were predicting that it would live, if not forever, at least almost forever. The reviewer in the *New York Times* had written a most favorable review—and one, moreover, which praised the author

for being "very good natured to the Jews." If a liberal paper like the *Times* could find no taint of anti-Semitic feeling in the novel, why were the Jewish columnists being so difficult?

Harland, a young man of twenty-six at the time, was not content to let the furor die a natural death. He considered himself maligned, his generosity toward the Jews misunderstood, and his intentions to give his audience Howells' brand of realism misrepresented. He wanted to explain his side of the matter to his Jewish critics. In his naivete, the answer seemed simple: get yourself invited to a place where Jews congregate, and tell them how you feel. What more likely and artistically appropriate place for an accused anti-Semite to elucidate his position than in a leading New York synagogue. The opportunity came when he was invited (with or without his own connivance is not certain) to deliver one of the scheduled lectures before the Young Men's Association of Dr. Kohut's Congregation Ahavath Chesed. Since the lecture was announced in *The American Israelite* as early as October 7, 1887, and did not take place until January 19 of the following year, there was sufficient time for the Jewish press to choose up sides. The propriety of dignifying Harland and his views by taking formal and semi-official cognizance of him and them was, of course, the issue.

Once again, the *Jewish Messenger* had its say:

Two of our contemporaries are criticising the action of the young men of Dr. Kohut's congregation in inviting the author, Sidney Luska, to lecture before them. They consider him inimical to the interests of Judaism, and especially condemn his last novel (*The Yoke*) as being . . . anti-Jewish. This is hypercritical on the part of our brethren of the quill. Mr. Luska is friendly disposed and has no intention to wound anyone's feelings. If he calls a spade a spade, sensitive people must not worry.

On this subject, *The American Israelite* was not merely moderate; its "New York" columnist was positively mellow. He be-

moans the fact that "Poor and unfortunate Elias Bachrach, who . . . died of an attack of jealousy and epilepsy, in Central Park . . . is not allowed to rest in peace." What keeps Elias unburied, he says, is the "great hue and cry" raised over the proposed lecture. The writer, who signs himself "Mi Yodea," declares himself "not a whit behind these critical gentlemen (who oppose the lecture) in my love and attachment to my race. . . But I openly confess that while reading the 'Yoke of the Torah' I did not feel in the least injured." Evidently, the moderates won their point, for the lecture went on according to plan and was duly reported by Mi Yodea in his paper.

What Harland told the young men was something less than sensational. They had come to see a species of monster, a literate hater of Jew. They found an uncertain, inconspicuous young fellow, who was cultivating a small goatee. He began by complaining that the Jewish press had accused him of slandering the Jews, while the liberal, informed American newspapers praised him for describing the Jews "in the most laudatory way." The Jewish press vilified him, he felt, because he had depicted "low Jewish characters." But, Harland continued, invoking the familiar line of the artist, if his "low characters were true, there was no slander." He went on to show that in his three books on the Jews, his principal characters were the reverse of low. He begged their sympathy and understanding for his youth. Maybe, he promised, he might in the future write about higher and "more ideal Jews." He was as yet just a novice in literature. Mi Yodea describes Harland's summing up succinctly. The novelist said that he "had a warm love for the Jews when he wrote his books, and now wished some Jew would write an ideal novel of Jewish life."

The lecture ended the acrimoniousness of the controversy, but it did not settle very much. There was little that the

Jewish press could say that had not been said, until the appearance of Harland's next book. Those papers which had branded his writings anti-Semitic still held firm to their belief; and on the other side, there was little that his boosters could say.

What can be said today, almost three-quarters of a century later? Miss Susan Rieff, writing in *THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM* recently, is convinced, from the internal evidence of his fiction, that whatever his intent, Harland was a dangerous spreader of anti-Semitism. Surely, in his published views on intermarriage he provided ammunition to those who find the almost mythical Jewish position reprehensible. Perhaps Harland's view in this matter may be ascribed to unthinking carelessness.

Whether careless, or youthfully extravagant, or diabolically anti-Semitic, Harland's writings could have had only an undesirable effect upon those of his readers who were not closely associated with Jews. The "good" Jews of his novels are quickly forgotten by the reader, even today. But it is hard to erase the memory of the cruel pawnbroker, Bernard Peixada, who had "a hawk's beak for a nose, a hawk's beak inverted for a chin . . . eyes, two black, shiny beads . . . skull destitute of honest hair, but kept warm by a curling, reddish wig." He is, furthermore, the type of Jew who goes to the synagogue regularly and who observes all the rituals and customs of the religion. "Was smoke ever to be seen issuing from his chimneys on the Sabbath?" Such revolting stereotypes, as Miss Rieff points out, are not uncommon in Harland's novels. Even Van Wyck Brooks, in the few lines which he devotes to the author, is struck by "the curiously fabulous or mythical note in Harland's pictures of the East Side people." It is a note, he finds, which "accentuated their foreignness, their remoteness from the older population. . ." To go too far in the direction of distortion is to hurt the chances of unity among

Americans of all beliefs. Harland had hardly done the Jews a favor.

The American-Jewish newspapers had reacted much as individual Jews might react to a hint of anti-Semitism. Most of the periodicals had made loud noises to show that they had been hurt and to expose their attacker. A few had tried to ignore the novelist because they could not decide whether or not they had actu-

ally been insulted. Finally, there were those who acknowledged that an issue had been raised, and who met it with dignity, logic, and fairness. It took Henry Harland to show the Jewish community in this country what a powerful force its shabby and nondescript press might become, when roused. Whatever else his novel may have done, Henry Harland's *The Yoke of the Torah* did rouse it.

CZECH REFUGEE

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

I

Four years the boy has lived and loved
with us,
Grown like a comely tree, a tree in flower
That finds, though exiled, sun in overplus.
Four years have flown as days for him and us.

But for his mother, walled in her lost land
By war, and hourly worrying how he fares,
Days crawl as centuries, they choke with sand
That ever-thirsting heart in her lost land.

This hour, as any night, when light is tired
Of knocking at blank walls and doors,
and winds
Sigh from the grayness as if hope expired,
He makes triumphal entry on the tired;

The gates crash wide, the house is falling
down.
His frank excuses take the heart by storm,
And even while remonstrance tries to frown,
His merry laughter peals our barriers down.

O mother tortured in the eternal poise
Of twilight, straining for beloved cries,
Watching life's gold ebb out its last of joys,
And in your heart the gathering vultures'
poise,

What would you give, this hour, to feel your
gates
Reel as with earthquake, and deliverance ride
On a boy's whistle, like a stream that spates
God's plenty in return for broken gates?

II

On summer mornings he mounts his bedroom
window,
Hair ruffling, nightdress whiffling. Left to right
His eyes devour the mile of road. The postman
At last is visible, grows from a twinkling mite
To a star of hope, of doomsday, heaven's delight.

He runs down barefoot, and stops deadened
As ever; for him there is no post, no post.
His child-eyes wince, but take the blow as bravely
As they took all before—the soundless host
Of truncheon-blows that flog the inner ghost.

The blank months pass. At cockcrow hour of
winter
He lies awake to catch the phantom tread,
Dives down through darkness for a grasp on
nothing;
On nothing still when winter eves storm red
And strew their wrecks above his wistful head.

No post, no post at all. No tithe of tidings
Of family spared or starved or dead or worse,
Yet with dumb-dog fidelity, uncomplaining,
He still would watch although the deepening
curse
Stopped every courier-ray the stars disperse.

No wonder that from dawn to light's last ooings
He wrings what joy unthinking motion yields.
What else could quiet the child's heart from
crying,
"No post, no post?" Here courage truly wields
Its weapon, though unsung its battlefields.

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

AS THESE LINES ARE WRITTEN, late in April, the 83rd Congress has been in session for five months, but its record to date is anything but envious. The mountain of unfinished work on major legislation is accumulating, but there is little to show in the way of accomplishment—and what little has been accomplished is almost all in the negative. Here are a few notable examples: A bill granting statehood to Hawaii was passed by the House of Representatives, but Alaska was not included. Civil rights adherents have been fighting for statehood for both, but the Republican-controlled Congress is showing open favoritism toward Hawaii because of its Republican voting record in the past, while ignoring Alaska because of its Democratic trend. In the past, Republican Senate leaders had promised that when they gain control they will take steps to amend the famous Senate Rule 22 to curb filibusters, but once their goal was achieved the effort on the part of liberal elements to reform the rule was quickly defeated. A bill to hand over title to the offshore oil lands to three states and deprive the whole nation of its natural resources in these submerged lands was approved by the House. This has been decried as plunder of the public domain, but it has not stopped Congress.

These and other "accomplishments" of the present Congress make the famous "do-nothing" 80th Congress of 1947-48 appear liberal by comparison and with a record of many achievements. With ad-

journalment scheduled for July, only some two months away and about one-third of the session left to go, it is difficult to see how any important legislation can be dealt with in so short a time. Outside of the annual appropriations of funds for the various government departments and agencies, the foreign aid bill and perhaps one or two other measures, it is doubtful whether much more can be accomplished at this session.

The current picture on important legislative issues is as follows:

Revision of the Taft-Hartley labor law to liberalize that act and put labor-management relations on a sounder, more efficient and more satisfactory basis seems to be highly doubtful this year. The Senate and House Labor Committees are conducting lengthy hearings, but thus far no new legislation has been drafted in fulfillment of President Eisenhower's campaign promise of "justice and fairness" in labor-management relations. The White House has not even submitted any recommendations for revision of the Taft-Hartley law.

In the field of civil rights, no great headway has been made nor is anything spectacular expected. The rule to stop filibusters of civil rights bills in the Senate remains unchanged. A group of 19 liberal Senators of both parties introduced a bill in January to create a Federal commission to combat racial discrimination in employment, but so far no hearings have been held and nothing has been done about it. Other measures dealing with poll tax

elimination, discrimination in housing and education, curbing racial vandalism, etc., are doomed to die in committee and will not even reach the floor for discussion and a vote. But while the outlook in Congress on civil rights legislation is dim, the Eisenhower Administration has taken several steps for which it deserves to be praised: one of these is an order to eliminate racial segregation in schools on Army posts which are operated with government funds; another was Attorney General Herbert Brownell's request of the Supreme Court to declare still valid an old act in the District of Columbia which outlawed racial segregation in Washington restaurants.

* * *

ANOTHER FIELD where nothing has been done despite President Eisenhower's promise to seek to rectify the situation is on the question of immigration. During the election campaign last fall, as well as in his State of the Union address shortly after his inauguration, President Eisenhower branded the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act as unfair and discriminatory and urged Congress to rewrite the law so as to eliminate its injustices. Thus far, neither the White House nor Congress took any positive steps to revise the immigration law.

In January of this year, the President's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization, appointed last year by President Truman and headed by former Solicitor General Philip Perlman, released its 319-page report "Whom We Shall Welcome." It is an excellent evaluation of our immigration and naturalization laws and policies and makes a number of fine recommendations for legislative and administrative action. It sharply criticizes the McCarran-Walter Act, particularly its retention of the national origins theory and the quota system based on this theory and suggests that the latter be substituted by a unified quota system which "contemplates a maximum annual number of

quota immigrants, to be determined by Congress, and a flexible method of allocating quotas within such annual maximum."

Senator Pat McCarran and Congressman Francis Walter, the authors of the McCarran-Walter Act, bitterly attacked the commission and its report, charging that its conclusions were faulty and its recommendations unsound. On several occasions Walter openly attacked American Jews for their opposition to the immigration act bearing his name. Thus, on one occasion, he stated: "I think a great menace to America lies in the fact that so many professionals, including professional Jews, are shedding crocodile tears" (over the immigration act). On another occasion, he quoted from a newspaper report of an address by Senator Hubert Humphrey to the effect that the Jews desire to revise the McCarran-Walter Act because of a possible increase of Jewish refugees from behind the Iron Curtain.

The prevailing impression in Washington is that there will be neither a repeal nor a major revision of the McCarran-Walter Act this year, despite all that has been said and written about this racist and discriminatory law. To accomplish either of these steps requires a long and patient campaign of educating the American people that this law is not in the spirit of the American tradition and fundamental American ideals.

Recently, there has been some talk here of the likelihood of providing temporary relief measures to admit several hundred thousand refugees, particularly Iron Curtain refugees and groups from overpopulated areas in Europe, such as Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands. A figure of 300,000 is being mentioned by way of a "deal." President Eisenhower will presumably not press for revision of the McCarran-Walter Act, if Congress will pass legislation to admit 300,000 immigrants and refugees outside the quota system over a period of three years. This is similar to the Displaced Persons Act of

1948, except that those who were admitted under the DP law were charged against future quotas. If this deal goes through, it will take the sting out of the opposition to the McCarran-Walter Act and the law will remain on our statute books indefinitely.

* * *

PERHAPS THE ONLY THING which the 83rd Congress has thus far accomplished successfully is to investigate, everything and anything, as if there had been no change in administrations. Some of the investigations have been quite sensational, others objectionable; some are having a bad effect on government personnel, others have aroused considerable opposition throughout the country because of the investigations and attacks on American education, the clergy, etc. Many wonder, what will it be next? Will it be the press, the book publishing field, libraries, private organizations? Where it will lead to and how will it end? Does it foreshadow thought-control in this country? Are these probes to be regarded, as some have suggested, more in the nature of purges rather than investigations? Are these investigations proving to be an infringement of civil liberties, civil rights and democratic traditions?

One of the strongest indictments of these attacks on American education and on academic freedom in this country was voiced recently in Washington by Mr. James B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, in an address at the Charter Day ceremonies of Howard University, the largest Negro school in the country, founded back in 1867. Speaking of the probes as a "sinister development" which threatens to deprive us of the most effective weapon in the struggle for freedom and human dignity in the world, namely education, Mr. Carey said:

"The plain, simple truth is that teaching and education are facing a far greater menace than ever before in American history. At the present time much more of the menace can be sensed than seen; it is like huge tidal waves in the dark, pounding and battering at a structure at the

water's edge, eating away, unseen, at the foundations. . .

"The crux of our fight against academic probes and investigations lies primarily in the character of the men who conduct them, and their motives. First of all . . . virtually all investigations of alleged Communism are conducted by men who are not simply anti-Communist. They are anti-liberal, anti-labor and pro-reaction. Second, virtually all investigations of alleged Communism are conducted by men who cannot understand and refuse to understand the nature of Communism. For them anti-Communism is purely and obsessively a stepping-stone to prestige, a short-cut to public notice and higher position. Thirdly, virtually all such men, who have made careers out of anti-Communism, would—either wittingly or unwittingly—strait-jacket the American mind in a fashion not far different from the way totalitarianism strait-jackets the thinking of its victims. . .

"American education finds itself on the defensive. Educators suddenly find it necessary to apologize for what they have done and what they are doing. I am angry about it—and it is time for the colleges and universities to get angry about it. The colleges and universities have been one of the chief bulwarks of American democracy, and yet they are now smeared with suspicion of being a menace to democracy."

All of which brings to mind the observation made some years ago by H. G. Wells: "Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe." This is probably more pertinent to our own times than to Wells' day, what with atomic development on the one hand and the cold war now conducted against education and academic freedom on the other hand.

* * *

GREATER NUMBERS OF WOMEN are working today than ever before in the history of the United States, the U. S. Department of Labor reports in a publication entitled "Handbook of Facts on Women Workers" issued recently. Out of a labor force of more than 61 million persons engaged in gainful employment in the entire country, fully 19 million are women, or nearly one-third of the total. The booklet was prepared by the Women's Bureau of the Labor Department and it presents a most impressive story of the growing impor-

tance of women's contribution and their role in the economic life of our country.

Women have entered the labor force in huge masses during World War II, but it is also a fact that the number of working women has been substantially increased since the end of the war. Today, the number of women who are employed is approximately 29 percent greater than it was during the war. Lest some among us may reach hasty conclusions that something is wrong with our civilization and economy when women in such large numbers find it necessary to work, it should be noted that the trend appears to be worldwide and is not merely a U. S. phenomenon.

When Mrs. Golda Myerson, Israel's Labor Minister, recently introduced a bill in the Knesset calling for the extension of certain special rights and benefits to women workers, she similarly pointed to the tremendous increase in the women's labor force in the post-war period. In Israel, for example, their number increased by 22 percent. In other countries, the percentage increase is as follows: Denmark, 35; Czechoslovakia, 30; England, 27; Belgium, 24. The U. S. thus ranks third in percentage increase of gainfully employed women since the end of World War II.

A few of the many interesting facts in the Labor Department booklet cited above include the following: About half of the 19 million working women in the U. S. are clerical workers, about a fifth are service workers, and the rest are employed as professional and technical workers. Half of the women workers are over 37 years of age, 13 percent are 55 or older. To what proportion are married women employed? A little over one-fourth—27 percent, to be exact—of all married women in the country are in the labor force. Of interest is also the fact that 25 percent of all women workers have children under the age of 18. Perhaps the most disturbing fact is the find-

ing that in all occupations, without exception, the earnings of women average less than those of men. Is this also a form of employment discrimination?

* * *

WHILE LITTLE PROGRESS has been made in Congress in connection with civil rights legislation on a national scale, particularly in the field of fair employment practices, notable progress in the direction of eliminating discrimination in employment is recorded for a number of States in various parts of the country. At least 11 States now have enacted laws banning such discrimination. Mandatory fair employment practice laws applying to private employment have been adopted in recent years by Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island and Washington. Also Colorado, Indiana and Wisconsin have enacted laws against discrimination, but these provide for voluntary rather than mandatory compliance.

In the case of the eight States having mandatory laws, these specifically outlaw discriminatory practices of employers, unions, and employment agencies, they provide for hearings and the issuance of cease-and-desist orders to persons engaging in unlawful employment practices. The first of these States to pass this type of law was New York in 1945, after eight years of study of such practices. These laws list specific practices which are banned, such as, employers are forbidden to discharge any person or discriminate in wages or conditions of employment because of race, creed, color or national origin; for the same reasons labor unions may not exclude or expel a person from membership; employers may not print advertisements of discriminatory preference seeking only certain employees, etc. When complaints of unlawful practices are received, they are investigated by the State administrative agency which first seeks to eliminate such practices through conferences and conciliation; if this fails,

hearings are held and steps are taken toward legal enforcement of the law.

In the States which provide for voluntary compliance, the emphasis is on educational measures and public opinion. The complaints are investigated, recommendations are made to the parties involved, and the findings are sometimes publicized, but the State agency lacks the power of enforcement. Nevertheless, it is a definite step forward.

More recently, the efforts towards elimination of discrimination are being expanded in another direction. New York has adopted an amendment making it unlawful to discriminate against racial or religious minorities in places of public accommodation, resorts or amusement places. Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Oregon have passed similar amendments prohibiting discrimination in public places and provisions were made for their enforcement in the same manner as the fair employment practices laws.

It may well be that adoption of these civil rights measures by the individual States will sooner be extended to the greatest number of the American people than through our national legislature where the prospects appear so dim for the foreseeable future.

* * *

FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS the United States has been working with the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations to develop a Universal Declaration of Human Rights and to give that declaration the status of international law. Similarly, efforts have been made for the past few years to develop an acceptable Genocide Convention to outlaw the mass murder of racial, ethnical or religious groups, such as that committed by Hitler against the Jews and other minorities. Treaties or covenants dealing with these matters have to be ratified by the Senate before the United States can become a party to them and take its place of moral leadership in

the world. Ratification of these treaties has been long delayed—in the case of the Genocide Convention the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has withheld action on it for more than four years.

With the change in administrations it was hoped by millions of Americans that these treaties would finally be approved and by its actions our government would give its official sanction to outlaw the violations of human rights and the crimes perpetrated against defenseless groups. But instead of pressing for ratification of these treaties, the Eisenhower Administration has informed the Senate that it did not intend to submit the covenants for ratification. This indicates a very definite change of American policy reversing the efforts of the past five years to carry out the human rights provisions of the UN Charter. The Truman Administration had encouraged the work of drafting formal covenants which, if ratified, would have the binding force of solemn treaties. It was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, widow of the late President, who devoted so much of her time to this work and served as chairman of the UN Human Rights Commission. Her successor on the commission, Mrs. Oswald B. Lord, now finds herself in an embarrassing position since the U. S. will now be giving lip service to the aims of the commission.

President Eisenhower subsequently sought to soften somewhat the impact of this policy change by praising the United Nations for championing human rights and lauding the universal declaration as "a significant beacon in the steady march toward achieving human rights and fundamental freedoms for all." Nevertheless, he said that a new approach is needed to the problem instead of drafting formal treaties on the subject.

Among the first to raise his voice in protest against the administration's decision not to seek ratification of these covenants, particularly the Genocide Convention, was New York's liberal Senator Herbert H. Lehman. Said Lehman:

"The enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain will have no reason to take heart from this development in administration policy—this retreat in the face of an entrenched opposition, an ill-considered retreat carried out even before an effort was made to secure ratification, at this session of Congress, of this most vital and desirable international convention.

"If we are thinking of the merits of the Genocide Convention rather than the domestic politics of that proposal, there can be no substantial argument against it. Surely the announcement that the administration will not press for its ratification will give us little credit abroad and will deepen the cynicism with which American professions of faith are sometimes received abroad. The entire campaign against the Genocide Convention has been one based on distortions and misrepresentations."

The new administration's policy on human rights and genocide is unquestionably most discouraging and regrettable. It is a victory for the isolationist forces and a setback for all freedom-loving and liberal-thinking people who are fighting for human rights and human dignity.

* * *

DESPITE ALL REPORTS to the contrary, it seems that the Eisenhower Administration will continue the same or similar friendly policies toward Israel as practiced by the Truman Administration. Shortly after the change-over in administrations there was a flurry of reports emanating from Washington that a shift in U. S. policy regarding the Middle East is imminent with greater attention and increased aid to be given the Arab States and the curtailment of special privileges for Israel. This caused considerable alarm in Jewish circles, both in this country and in Israel, and efforts were made to approach the top leaders of the government to ascertain the true situation.

In recent weeks the picture has been clarified. On the basis of responsible and authoritative information, it is now possible to state that there is no cause for alarm and that the new administration has no intentions of adopting a pro-Arab and anti-Israel policy. Some minor changes in policy may be expected, but

it will not be favoring one over another of these Middle Eastern countries or peoples. The U. S. seeks and needs the friendship of both Arabs and Jews, it is aware of the specific problems of the area, and it is extremely interested in obtaining an early peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors. Appeasement of the Arabs at the expense of Israel is not contemplated. In May of this year Secretary Dulles is scheduled to visit the area, including Israel, and while his primary purpose seems to be to win over the Arab States to join the proposed Middle East Defense Organization, it is believed he will also explore possibilities leading toward Arab-Israel peace negotiations.

It is safe to state at this time that no policy changes will be made by the administration on major matters of interest to Israel, such as economic aid along the same lines as that granted to Israel in the past two years, or on the question of bringing about early peace negotiations. A more delicate question is that of arms shipments, which means not only the shipment of arms to the Arab countries by the U. S., a fact which caused considerable alarm in Israel, but also Israel's application to receive military assistance from the U. S.

As a presidential candidate last fall, Mr. Eisenhower issued several statements which were warm in their support of Israel and of a just and lasting peace in the Middle East. It is difficult to believe that Eisenhower as President will refute the statements made by Eisenhower as candidate. Thus far he has never been known as a man to go back on his own words. For the moment the only doubt here is whether President Eisenhower's attitude on the Israel question will be as warm and friendly as that of his predecessor, Harry Truman. The feeling in Washington is that he will seek to follow a middle course, whereby he can maintain the good will of Israel and of American Jewry, and at the same time seek to improve relations between the United States and the Arab States.

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

Encyclopedia of Biblical Interpretation, by Menahem M. Kasher. Translated under the editorship of Rabbi Harry Freedman. Genesis: Volume I. American Biblical Encyclopedia Society, Inc. 262pp. \$6.50.

This is the first volume in English of an exceedingly ambitious project in Biblical interpretation. The Hebrew original, entitled *Torah Shelemah* ("The Complete Torah"), compiled by Dr. Menahem M. Kasher, will eventually consist of thirty-five volumes, fourteen of which have already been published. The work under review is the English translation of the *Sidra Bereshith* (Genesis i-vi, 8) and of the commentary and the anthology of *Midrashim* and *Agadoth* (exegeses and homilies) upon each verse of the *Sidra*. The volume closes with an appendix containing four dissertations of a conceptual and theological character. The editor states that the English recension of the entire collection is contemplated as an abridgement of the Hebrew.

To characterize the work, as does the editor, as "a millennial anthology" and as "monumental" may be questionable. Perhaps the term *mountainous* would be more precise, for even the English version looms as a truly massive, eclectic and encyclopedic undertaking. Its declared objective is nothing less than an exhaustive collation of Talmudic, Rabbinic and other traditional *perushim* or interpretations of every verse—one is almost tempted to say of every word—of the Hebrew Scriptures.

That the work is erudite, as the testimonials and encomiums printed on the jacket of the first English volume reiterate, is beyond question or cavil. It is also undoubtedly a labor of love. Rare and singular, indeed, is the individual in our contemporary secular epoch who would

dedicate himself to such a momentous task.

Yet, pragmatically speaking, what will it accomplish? It will possibly be utilized as "a well of knowledge," as a relatively accessible opus from which some essential and auxiliary materials may be drawn. No doubt Rabbis will use it in good stead, for they will discover in it an immense variety of items with which to embellish their sermons. Rabbinical school students may find it valuable as a pony. The lay Jew with some vestigial memories of an older generation may in his leisure moments pore over it nostalgically. The English rendition, at least, will save some people the time and trouble of delving into the Hebrew.

But what other purpose can the treatise have? It cannot hope to become a popular work, even among Jews. Its structure follows a medieval pattern. The English style of the volume at hand is far from being facile and felicitous. On the contrary, it is pedantic, pedestrian and unreadable. The compilation is obviously composed in the severest Orthodox tradition. It cannot claim to be a piece of objective scholarship in the manner, say, of the modern Biblical encyclopedias or of *The Jewish Encyclopaedia*. At best, it is a subjective composite, a tremendous exercise in piety. Such color words as "gnomic wisdom," "inexhaustible treasure house," "a golden message for every person, mood, time or place" are employed to describe the work.

In the appendix, as well as in the Scriptural commentary, we are offered the bold assurance that the ancient Jewish conceptions of time and space were fundamentally philosophical, commensurate with those of ancient and modern systematic philosophy. The second essay certifies that the Rabbinic commentators were

aware of the atomic theory and atomic energy. They even foreshadowed the evolutionary hypothesis though they rejected it as unsound. The editor affirms confidently that the theory is today falling into desuetude. The concluding article of the appendix asseverates the doctrine of human love and brotherhood as the motivation for the entire Bible and for the ancient sages who interpreted it. That they also incorporated calls to hate, strife, war and bloodshed seems to have escaped the attention of the editor of the *Encyclopedia*. Indeed, the compiler appears to be not unlike some of the medieval Jewish writers who maintained that practically all knowledge and the sciences originated with Jews. Thus the Greek physician, Galen, was identified as the Patriarch and Tannai, Gamaliel.

In general, if one may assess it on the basis of the first volume, the work is a congeries. It is unoriginal and of a secondary nature. It is a redaction similar to, even if more extensive than, those that were customarily written in an earlier period. It is uncritical and unhistorical. It totally disregards, perhaps actually disdains, even the most reasoned results of modern Biblical criticism. It is equally incognizant of the socio-historical factors and forces that affected and produced our Jewish culture and tradition. It makes little or no reference to the collective experience of the Jewish people that has been responsible for its fate and history. It assumes without verification that "catastrophic revelation," in the most literal sense, is the source and essence not only of the Bible but also of the *perushim*. "Moses received the Torah from Sinai"—and that is ultimate truth!

In brief the *Encyclopedia of Biblical Interpretation* may well be a highly valuable compendium, a most learned anthological compilation of some of the most precious gems of Jewish lore, but it certainly is not representative of the type of objective, empirical and scientific research that is the *sine qua non* of modern scholarship.

SAMUEL TEITELBAUM

Sidney Hillman, Statesman of American Labor, by Matthew Josephson. Doubleday and Company. 701 pp. \$5.00.

In these days of reactionary insurgence, a reading of Matthew Josephson's *Sidney Hillman* is a bracing experience. A detailed and fully documented biography of

the founder of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the book also provides a solid and sympathetic insight into the efflorescence of the American labor movement and the positive liberalism of the New Deal. Sidney Hillman emerges more than lifesize—a hero of labor. We observe him at close range from childhood to his untimely death: the immigrant youth dedicated to the welfare of his fellow workers, the remarkably able union negotiator, the aggressive but ever affable labor leader, the restless man of vision, the energetic liberal in national politics, a key member of the New Deal Administration, and always a person of exceptional ability and wisdom.

In the late 1920's the English writer and liberal Agnes Hamilton concluded after an intimate and fruitful interview with Hillman that "he is no visionary, but he has vision." Matthew Josephson agrees with her and successfully demonstrates it in the pages of his long book. He makes evident that this great quality of broad vision had characterized Hillman from early youth. A rabbinical student caught in and inspired by the Russian revolutionary insurgence of the 1900's, he never yielded to the urging of extremists. Yet the spirit of social dedication became deeply implanted in his conscience. Forced to flee his native Lithuania, he came to the United States by way of England. Unlike many of the abler and ambitious immigrants, he shunned the temptations and opportunities of financial self-aggrandizement. When the oppressed Chicago tailors rebelled in 1910, he quickly achieved a position of leadership by virtue of his realistic reasoning and natural tactfulness—although he was then inexperienced in union affairs and only in his early twenties. Thereafter his extraordinary energy and his remarkable talent for bringing inimical groups to work together toward a common end kept him in a constantly widening position of leadership.

The early struggles of the tailors for union recognition and better conditions are depicted in vivid detail. Josephson writes warmly and dramatically of the early efforts of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers to establish itself as an independent and successful union. He lays much stress upon Hillman's effective generalship and even more on his frequently successful attempts to obtain con-

cessions by negotiation rather than by a contest of force. Nor was this remarkable leader satisfied with merely making his union strong. He no sooner placed the Amalgamated on a solid footing than he began to venture into fields previously ignored by other unions. In his eagerness to improve and broaden the lives of the members of his organization he provided educational facilities, initiated cooperative housing, opened labor banks, established unemployment benefits, and finally arranged for retirement pensions. To keep the union on an even keel he fought both factionalism and rowdiness. When certain locals began to be disturbed by communist agitation, he dealt with the dissidents firmly and effectively. Equally successful was his courageous attack upon the gangsterism in the union. By the end of the 1920's the Amalgamated became one of the strongest and certainly the most liberal of labor unions in the United States.

The severe depression of the early 1930's convinced Hillman that no individual union can avoid the effects of industrial maladjustment. In his search of an effective solution he entered national politics. His breadth of vision and unswerving realism are revealed sympathetically in his relations with politicians and civic leaders. With the launching of the New Deal he emerged as an outstanding labor statesman. President Roosevelt began to depend upon him for advice and administrative assistance. When the oncoming war made necessary the conversion of American industry into a democratic arsenal, Roosevelt found in Hillman the man best able to provide and train the needed manpower. Josephson shows him exerting his great abilities without stint and achieving notable success—only to be pushed aside for political reasons, broken in health and deeply dispirited. Despite this ill-treatment, however, Hillman remained loyal to Roosevelt and managed to assure his election in 1944 by an extraordinary feat of organization.

Of particular value are the chapters dealing with Hillman's part in the establishment of the CIO. Here Josephson describes the origin and rise of industrial unionism, Hillman's positive influence on the organization's development and direction, and his successful effort in 1940 to wean it from John L. Lewis's spiteful control. Josephson points up the striking contrast between the imaginative and

ingenious leader of the tailors and the formidable and bullheaded chief of the coal miners. Of equal interest is the section concerned with Hillman's struggle to give workers political effectiveness by means of a third party and the split caused by the personal ambition and political vindictiveness of union rivals.

Sidney Hillman, a work of broad research and vivid writing, is one of the outstanding biographies of recent years. Those interested in the American labor movement will find it particularly rewarding.

CHARLES A. MADISON

How to Understand Propaganda, by Alfred McLung Lee. Rinehart & Company, Inc. 288 pp. \$4.00.

Publications in social science are normally not easily absorbed by the general reader, but here is an exception. Prof. McLung Lee, who is Chairman of the Dept. of Sociology at Brooklyn College, has written a book which is suited as an information guide for propagandists, for students of propaganda and for the average citizen who is exposed to propaganda. Indeed, it is probably best suited for the latter category because neither is it written as a technical guide on the subject nor does it present an exhaustive classification of methods of propaganda. It does not even attempt to present a general theory of propaganda. Rather, it offers a running commentary about the phenomena as such, so as to make the intelligent layman fit to move in a world of propaganda. It ought to be understood in this connection that essentially propaganda is neither good nor bad; as "a way of conveying ideas rapidly to many people," it is a necessary element of social intercourse in a mass society. Propaganda, in an ever expanding and changing industrial world society, takes the place that custom once held in a localized folk society. Then, everything was near, intimate and tradition-bound; now, we are continuously rubbing shoulders with strangers of many backgrounds, the distances within which communications have to travel are enormous and nothing is kept constant except change itself. In such a world, propaganda means life-blood and propaganda analysis is indispensable.

The foregoing should be remembered while the book is read. In simple and

unprofessional but pointed language, often somewhat "propagandistically" tinged, Prof. McLung Lee tells the reader about the basic techniques of propaganda, about the instruments of mass communication, about the propagandists themselves and about the ways and means by which propagandists use human motivations and organizational structures. He begins and closes with general observations and adds a most welcome chapter on the "pall of orthodoxy," engendered by propaganda, which now threatens to envelop the American mind. His book is meant as a piece of preventive medicine against the misuse of propaganda by propaganda "experts" who aim at propaganda monopolies. In other words, the author makes it clear that propaganda, born of democracy, can be used to kill democracy. He has at the close of each chapter excellent literary references and at the end of the book a good index. The book is handy in size, progressive and courageous in tone, and should be read widely.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

A Declaration of Faith, by Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin & Company. 237pp. \$3.00.

Antigone is the classic example of one who obeyed the demands of individual conscience in defiance of the State. Nurse Cavell of a later time declared in immortal words "Patriotism is not enough." Yet the hypertrophy of the State in our time demands that we silence the voice of conscience in the name of patriotism and hate whatever enemy the state designates. Mr. Agar points out the tragic irony of our alignments within one generation. First we hate the Germans and approve the Russians for their opposition to the Germans; then we hate the Russians for their defection. In a second war we hate the Germans and approve the Russians in alliance with us. A little later we hate the Russians again. We support the Chinese and hate the Japs. The Japs once defeated, we find much good in them and in turn hate the Chinese in league with Russia.

Yet the people of the countries which we alternately hate or approve are like ourselves in their aspirations for the good life however conceived; for in the eight chief religions of the world is the one unifying precept that we should do unto others as we would they should do unto us. This truth is not peculiar to Christianity though in our ignorance we think it

so. The world is divided by hate and fear instigated by the States which we ourselves create and to which we surrender our souls.

The growth of extreme nationalism and the worship of the State is a phenomenon known of old but never or seldom in so violent a form as in the period since the Napoleonic wars. There was more comity among nations in the eighteenth century than since. The Western concept of a divided allegiance, with religion or conscience the final arbiter in all dilemmas, is weakening. Yet it is upon this that is based the Western belief that the goal of life is the development of the individual and to this end freedom of conscience is essential, be the opposing power a Church or the State. Religious tyranny is not now the thing to be feared. That the Western world has cast off, but only, under stress, to accept increasingly the tyranny of the State. It is becoming so that in this country to criticize our political institutions is to be suspected of treason, to be a "fellow traveler," a secret friend of the hated "commies." The State in times of stress and danger has little tolerance for criticism.

Mr. Agar's book, which surveys history and the fall of States bent on the destruction of their enemies and who in their blindness succeeded in destroying themselves, seeks lessons and parallels for our administration. He bids us look for the beam in our own eyes rather than the vote in our neighbor's. In humility and kindness not in hate lies the solution to our ills. We are afraid and from fear issues hate. Did we practise the tolerance to others which we profess we would be stronger than we are, united spiritually, and the evidence of our sincerity and desire for friendship would do more to our enemies than all our arguments. Do we not inspire in them the same fears they inspire in us? Read the propaganda emanating from Russia? Is our own the expression of good will and loving kindness?

Space forbids extensive quotation from a quotable book which millions of Americans could read with profit and much heart-searching. It is a religious book in the best sense, with a concept of religion which transcends sectarianism. It expresses a reverence for all mankind and for the earth on which we live and which in our selfishness we ravish and destroy careless of those who come after us. I quote two brief passages:

"Any theory of absolute sovereignty, whether

wrapped in the language of freedom or of Germania power worship, is the mortal enemy of the West. The liberty to seek the truth and to serve it, which has given us our saints and our scientific objectivity is the élan of our society."

"No one who believes . . . in the freedom of the spirit can be without pity for man's predicament, or without a sense of sharing in the general quiet. No society founded upon those beliefs can be ranked with the self-esteem of modern nationalism—can be confident that "our conscience is clear," that while the world decays the fault lies wholly with other men. The West, if true to itself, will never choose to unite in a league of righteousness pledged to put down the sins of others. But it may unite in a league of humility, to help itself to be less sinful, less avaricious at the expense of its fellow citizens, and thus stronger and abler to help all men. The strength would come not from fear—but as all good things do come, from trying to obey the law of nature. Grace bestows faith; humility bestows strength; man saves his life by being willing to lose it."

CARL H. GRABO

Koheleth—The Man and His World, by Robert Gordis. Jewish Theological Seminary of America. 396 pp. \$5.00.

For a decade and a half Dr. Robert Gordis has been an Associate Professor of Bible at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and for more than twenty years he has carried on detailed researches in the Book of Koheleth, or, to use the word's Greek equivalent (it means "congregation" or "community" in Hebrew) Ecclesiastes. In 1935 Dr. Gordis published a slim book called *The Wisdom of Ecclesiastes* and the current volume, impressive in its scholarship and written with lucidity and occasional brilliance, represents Dr. Gordis' magnum opus, although he is yet a young man with years of great scholarly work and attainments still before him.

This tome makes a great number of contributions to the vast Koheleth literature. First, in fourteen fascinating chapters, clearly intended for the non-technical reader, Dr. Gordis places the Book of Koheleth into its historical context. On the basis of new archeological discoveries and modern findings in scholarship, Dr. Gordis can correlate this Biblical book with Middle East history and with the Near Eastern wisdom literature. He offers the historical background of the time, relates Koheleth to other wisdom literature, examines its language, its style, its attitudes and the men who wrote it. "Koheleth," Dr. Gordis says, "must be

studied in terms of the cultural milieu in which he lived." And in his study the author offers the kind of background which, in spite of the wealth of material now in existence on Koheleth, allows the reader to gain new insights into this Biblical book.

Dr. Gordis believes with the ancient scholars that one man authored the book of Koheleth. Unlike those scholars, however, he does not deny the fact that there are contradictions to be found in the book. He explains the contradictions away by trying to show that the pious sayings are quotations emphasizing the beliefs of the time and that the apparently contradictory lines which follow are, in reality, the refutations of the pious beliefs by Koheleth himself.

In order to justify his thesis, Dr. Gordis must translate the book anew, and this he does in the second part of his volume. His third section is a scholarly detailed commentary on Koheleth. The fourth section is comprised of voluminous notes which range from countless Bible scholars to a recent review of a volume of poetry by Rolfe Humphries in *The Nation*. Finally, there is a copious bibliography.

While the translation, with Dr. Gordis' introductory comments, is smooth, lucid, and quite accurate, it is no reflection on Dr. Gordis' great gifts to remark that it frequently falters where it should soar. In this highly personal book of Koheleth there are great passages of poetry, such as the opening phrases of Chapter Three ("A time to be born and a time to die. . ."), where Dr. Gordis, with sensitivity, manages to retain all of the nobility and, in making only slight changes, offers a highly accurate reading of the passage. However, there is a distinct loss when he renders "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever" as "one generation goes and another comes, but the earth is forever unchanged." "This sore travail" becomes "a sorry business" and there are other passages which just do not come off.

To say that the St. James version remains more poetic is scarcely an original thought and should not deter the modern reader from realizing that Dr. Gordis has rendered scholarship great services and has given to the layman a fine book on one of the most popular and complex books of the Bible.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

Always The Young Strangers, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 445 pp. \$5.00.

In this seventy-fifth birthday offering by Carl Sandburg, there are no rhetorical flourishes on any theme. But this story of Sandburg's first twenty years achieves a simple greatness that is beyond the power of any autobiographer of our times. It is possible that only Sandburg will exceed the reaches and depths of this initial volume in the later books of his life.

Wherein lies the greatness of this work; acclaimed, almost without a dissenting voice, by all of the perceptive literary critics of our day? It is in the amazing capacity of Sandburg to recreate the scenes, characters and the very sounds and smells of his infancy and youth. We literally relive those distant days with him. We are born in the same womb, as it were, and we grow up together—with the earthy Swede father and the mother, the sisters and brothers, the strangely reserved relatives, the Dirty Dozen (the companions of his boyhood), the townsmen of all classes, creeds and cultures. We see their faces and bodies in all the intimacies of their lineaments; we hear their accents; observe them at work, prayer and play; we think their thoughts, groping, grasping, now easily, now clumsily. We learn to know Sandburg and his surroundings, not by any intellectual process, but by first-hand impressions, with amazing particularity. The Galesburg, Illinois, of the last quarter of the nineteenth century is immortalized in this simple tale of its most distinguished townsman.

While reading this book we tend to forget that it is about a boy who ultimately achieved world renown by reason of his deathless works. We think of it as we think of *Huckleberry Finn* or *Tom Sawyer*: as a creative evocation of youth. It is written, as Sandburg hopes, out of "a boy heart." Some pundits profess to find no profundity here; they complain somberly that all is surface, that the insides are never revealed. The gutless ghosts of the critical funeral parlors cannot fathom a poet who is readable, understandable, concrete in his images, straightforward in his language.

Although Sandburg seldom glances forward in this book to his later life, we may readily reach conclusions from it as to the kind of poet and biographer-

historian he is. First of all, he is interested in people, all sorts of people, regardless, of course, of class, color or creed. He is interested in their appearances, where they live, with whom they associate, what they do, and, above all, what they say. He has a wonderful ear for speech. Sound means almost as much to him as sense. It is the music of words as well as their meaning that stirs his Muse. Oddities of language, thought, appearance, experience and occupation attract him irresistibly. He captures the whole man or woman from a tag of speech, a shrug of the body, some quaint revelatory action. It is the strangeness, the peculiarity, that brings out the beauty. He is always aware that the past is simply the earlier moments of today, and that everything is blended together in the pageant and promise of tomorrow.

The book is an important contribution to our literature, not alone because it helps us to understand the background of a major poet and biographer-historian, but perhaps more because it is an authentic picture of a largely departed age: the America of the late nineteenth century, when life moved in waltz time by comparison with the frantic pace of the atomic age. Then, even more than now the full dinner pail was an issue; but few except the Socialists dreamed that we might reach the period of social security. The economic ravages of the Robber Barons set Sandburg on the road to radicalism, away from the Republicanism of his father. The elder Sandburg, stolid Swede that he was, took life's buffeting in the rigid spirit of resignation. Not his son "Cully." Young Sandburg, like the future man, refused to accept much on mere faith. He saw things for himself. He partook of everything his little town had to offer; then he roved about, not in the manner of little Rollo, but like his Viking forebears. Of formal schooling he had little; of life's learning he had much. When this deeply moving book closes, he is pursuing some college courses at little Lombard. We know that much as he will learn there he will absorb even more through the Sandburg system of spiritual osmosis. Seeing, scenting, sounding out everything on the earth around him, we feel confident that he will become a cerebral spirit, a veritable philosopher, without losing any of his earthiness.

ELMER GERTZ

EDUCATION OF THE JEWISH CHILD

By

RICHARD C. HERTZ

A PROGRESS REPORT on the last twenty-five years in Reform Jewish Education . . . based upon a scientific and scholarly study made of two hundred congregations . . . specific recommendations by the author, a noted Chicago rabbi, for improving your religious school.

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NEW YORK

Plants of the Bible, by Harold N. and Alma L. Moldenke. Published by the Chronica Botanica Company. 364pp. 95 illus. \$7.50.

The first book on the botany of the Bible did not appear until about 1566, although a popular interest in this subject dates from very early times. But since no one dared in earlier times, to challenge any of the translations, or interpretations of the Bible, those who might have wanted to question the plant life of it, were compelled to suppress their questions.

Today, the theologian, the Biblical scholar, and the preacher look to authoritative material on this subject to aid them in their interpretation of the Scriptures. Along with this group, the Bible lover, the historian, as well as the nature and garden lover will be most appreciative of the modern, comprehensive volume produced by Harold N. and Alma L. Moldenke. It covers approximately 250 trees, shrubs, and plants referred to in the Old and New Testaments. It has taken the authors twelve years of careful consultation and comparison with such works as: important English translations of the Bible, or parts relevant to the subject, including those adopted by the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish faiths, and comparison with ancient and mediaeval Latin versions, as well as with translations in other languages, to produce this volume.

Through the years many errors and much mis-identification has crept into the botany of the Bible which the authors have endeavored to correct. The controversial and most commonly known example is perhaps the apple from the Garden of Eden. Some past authorities believed this apple to be the citron, others thought it the quince, others the fig, and still others are certain it is the apricot. In this book, the authors present other, formerly accepted versions, in addition to their own. This adds greatly to the interest of the work for both the scholar and lay-reader.

The matter of botanical error is understandable when one stops to consider the material of the Old Testament, originating in the form of poetry—songs and ballads handed down from generation to generation—would under such circumstances be susceptible, to a certain amount of error, mis-identification, or use of different words for the same plant. Even after the books of the Bible were once recorded

in written form, they were subject to change. At this time, the science of botany was not available to the writers, had they been interested in making use of it, for it is of recent development in human knowledge. Then too, preachers, and theologians, of earlier times were given to concentrating chiefly on the moral, ethical, theological, and historical aspects of their subject since their audience would not be as highly critical of minor detail as the audience today who tends to question many of the supporting details of the most authoritative work.

Later, when the science of botany was available, many writers and preachers seemingly neglected, as is indicated in so many instances of it, to consider that the plants of the Scriptures were not necessarily the same plants they knew in their own region by the same name. To confuse matters more, plants growing in the Holy Land in Biblical Days were not always to be found growing there later, for this land, like any other land under cultivation over a long period of time, underwent changes from usage, and from the ravages of the elements thus changing to some extent the vegetative pattern.

When one stops to consider that the Bible has been translated into 1,118 different languages, and dialects, it is also understandable how errors on a subject that in earlier times would not have been understood as well, could creep in. This work will undoubtedly have the blessing of those who are most eager for a reliable reference. MARGRIET GILKISON

They Went to College: The College Graduate in America Today, by Ernest Havemann and Patricia Salter West. Harcourt Brace & Co. 277pp. \$4.00.

Opinions on the value of a college education are legion. As with most institutions, barnacles of truth and falsehood, superstition and myth cling to our higher institutions of learning. But information is difficult to obtain. So, we oscillate between enthusiasm over the proliferation of college buildings and mass enrolments, and disillusionment with the caliber of its graduates. We are alternately proud of the superb, technical achievements of men trained in our engineering schools and alarmed by the low estate of the humanities. In short, we appraise college education with mixed emotion and limited knowledge.

From time to time, there have been surveys of colleges and their students. The facts, however, have been pretty inconclusive. This may be in the very nature of things, for it is impossible to have a control group. Whatever the problems, it is desirable to have additional information on what our universities are doing and how they influence their students.

They Went to College does not purport to be an exhaustive study; nor does it lay claim to infallibility. In 1947 with the cooperation of 1037 colleges and a sampler of 9,064 graduates, Time Magazine made a survey of its reading public. Learning that 77% of its readers were college trained, it turned over considerable data to the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research. There it was analyzed by Patricia Salter West, who in turn, collaborated with Ernest Havemann in writing this most complete study, to date, on the college graduate in America.

This book is filled with expert charts which are in themselves, illuminating. They reflect, among other things, the shift from the humanities to the sciences, the college trained man's advantage in salary over the non-college man, the marital chances of college graduates, male and female, as well as differing attitudes of Christians and Jews, Negroes and whites on social and political issues.

I must say, a disproportionate section of this study is devoted to show how a college education pays off. We learn that a degree is useful in getting to the top of the economic pyramid, that "A" students do better as graduates than those who were graded "B," "C," and "D," and that the earnings of a college graduate increase beyond his middle years, whereas those of a non-graduate begin to taper off after age of 35.

Graduates fall into a category of conservatism, politically, in contrast to non-graduates. And, older age groups of college graduates tend to be even more conservative. The major commitment of college trained men is to Republicanism although 45% of the graduates of the past ten years identify themselves as independents. We are not surprised to find that older graduates are divided on the issue of racial tolerance, weigh the scales slightly in favor of internationalism, even if anti-New Deal. Younger graduates are generally sympathetic to New Deal ideas, more internationalist, more tolerant on racial issues.

A section on religion is interesting, although brief and inconclusive. We are told that "there seems to be little evidence that college training undercuts religious beliefs." Of Catholics, 91% deny the proposition religion has little to offer the intelligent, scientific mind. The percentage of Protestants is slightly lower, 84%. Only 56% of the Jewish students deny this proposition. Attendance at church of Catholic and Protestant graduates is high. Only one out of eight Jews indicate interest in the Synagogue.

The total effect of *They Went to College* is somewhat discouraging. This is not so much the fault of the writers, as of the schools which are preparing men and women for communal responsibilities and for life generally. Reading the commentary and scanning the statistics, you have the feeling that something is lacking in our colleges. The challenge of a university education in terms of a deepening outlook on life and the development of character takes a lesser role to the college as a means to a lucrative career. Perhaps the function of higher education should be examined. We are caught between conflicting goals. Do we still subscribe to what William James said: "To have spent one's youth at a college in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amidst its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labeled, forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and the shipwreck of a higher education." Do we agree with John Dewey who described education as "a freeing of individual capacity in a progressive growth directed to social ends." I would like to think so. If true, then our colleges are not doing the job they are supposed to do.

I should point out that some misconceptions could arise from the treatment of the statistics. It is said that college graduates do better than non-graduates. It is not clear whether this success is due to education or the drive which impelled the "pre-selection" of those who went to college in the first place.

Moreover, the treatment of the interest in religion of Catholics, Protestants and Jews is misleading. Interest in Judaism cannot be equated always with Synagogue attendance. Hence, the figure one out of eight Jewish college graduates attend the Synagogue is inconclusive. A wide range

of cultural and social institutions claim the interest and loyalty of adult Jews. Zionist groups, B'nai B'rith, American Jewish Congress, Boards of Jewish Education, philanthropic organizations, etc. vie with each other for the Jews' attention. It would be a mistake to equate Synagogue attendance alone, with interest in Judaism.

ERIC FRIEDLAND

The Ill-Tempered Clavichord, by S. J. Perelman. Simon and Schuster. 244pp. \$2.85.

We have our choice of Perelmans. First, there is the Jewish Perelman, the ironic sceptic who wryly punctures pretense. His tradition goes back to the disputatious sages of the Talmud and Midrash, who flourished like banners the words "But" and "Nevertheless," their recent heirs have included such diverse talents as Arnold Stang and Groucho Marx. And there is also the American Perelman, the reformer observing the follies of the contemporary scene. (Of course, every reformer has a touch of Jeremiah in him, but let's play "Traditions" by my rules.) The casual observer may find it odd that this frolicsome free-association humorist is a social critic, but Perelman has fought for more good causes more consistently and more skillfully than any other American humorist since Mr. Dooley. Or, more precisely, Perelman and Mr. Dooley fought *against bad causes*, as humorists and satirists generally do. In *The Ill-Tempered Clavichord*, the bad causes include Hollywood columnists, "friendly" advertisements by banks, the encouragement of toadying in business, the interference of propaganda with medical practice, and the idea that "comestibles" sold in the lobby are an antidote for bad movies.

But the true beauties of Perelman are specific, not general: the pomposities and pinpricks themselves. Sometimes, as in the "Cloud-land Revisited" series, most of the pinpricks are omitted. These accounts of the now tepid reading of Perelman's youth are almost pure summary without comment; this garbage parodies itself, and nothing can be added. When the sharp jabs must be explicit, Perelman's stilettos are verbal—what other weapons does a writer have? He often combines the pretentious cliché and the homely anticlimax: "Monica, notwithstanding, snaps her pretty fingers at the ravens who croak disaster, graciously

urging them to sample the lavish feed arrayed on the sideboard." Sometimes he lets grammar do the job: "Thanks to a loyal mate which he was tireless to anticipate my every wish, we have wrote finis to conjugal strife." Occasionally the incongruity is not in the words themselves but in what they describe, as in the sexy dance performed to a march by John Philip Sousa or in the incident of the impeccable detective who has a gravy stain on his hat and whose redoubtable antagonist scrapes shish kebab from his shoe as "motes of halvah danced in the slanting beam of sunlight above his head." Some nonsense is less easily classified. Two spies are conferring in Schrafft's (Elizabeth Bentley's favorite hangout, as Perelman pointedly does *not* tell us):

"Tread softly; gins and pitfalls are being prepared. Swoop with care, Falcon. More I may not say."

"Why not?"

"My mouth is full of corn bread. Wait till I swallow."

What spy could take himself seriously after that?

HENRY POPKIN

The Chicago Pinkas, edited by Simon Rawidowicz. Foreword by S. M. Blumenfeld. Bloch Publishing Co. 319pp. \$5.00.

As we approach the year 1954 when the Jewish Community in the United States will celebrate the tercentenary of the arrival of the first Jewish immigrants upon American soil, there is a growing awareness of the necessity to deepen our historical consciousness and to disseminate the knowledge of our past among the Jewish masses. More and more are we becoming aware that our present life is rooted in our past and that it is difficult to fashion the future community without profound knowledge of our historical course during the past three hundred years.

American Jewish historiography already has a record of its own. Fifty years ago or more, the first attempts were made to unfold the past of the Jewish community. Since then a great volume of books and studies were published dealing with communities, congregations, personalities and outstanding events bearing upon the status of the Jews. American Jewish historiography even overcame a great deal of its "growing pains" in its overemphasis on individuals and disproportionate atten-

tion upon what we term "anecdotal" history.

In the last twenty years Jewish historiography matured and widened considerably its scope. Scholars formerly concentrating only on European and Near Eastern Jewish history, began to pay attention to the Jewish past in America. They started to explore important social phenomena of the American Jewish community from the historical aspect. In addition earnest steps were taken toward the preservation of Jewish documents in well organized archives.

It is of great satisfaction to record here that in the last few years the College of Jewish Studies in Chicago has earnestly entered the field of American Jewish historiography. In 1950 the College celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, from which grew out the desire to engage in active research about Chicago Jewry's past as well as its present social and communal problems. To the originators of the idea, it seemed important to prepare the Jewish communities of Chicago and the Midwest to face their problems through increased knowledge of our past and insights into the present realities. For two years much work was devoted to this task, the outcome of which was the publication of *Pinkas Chicago*, a volume containing a variety of studies on Chicago Jewry.

In its appearance the *Pinkas* reflects the general character of the College. It is bilingual, Hebrew and English, thereby making the scholarly information contained therein accessible to Jewish readers the world over. Besides, it also is an indication of the attitude of the College in rooting Jewish scholarship through the hebraic medium in the consciousness of the American Jew.

An analysis of the volume reveals the understanding by the editors of the essential research problem involved. Because of the paucity of historical studies on Chicago Jewry, it is necessary to create the tools of research which will eventually lead to a comprehensive history of Chicago Jewry. In this respect there is much value in the four bibliographical studies: "Chicago's Hebrew Press" by Prof. Chaim Rothblatt, "Chicago's Yiddish Press" (1877-1951) by Moshe Starkman, "Hebrew and Yiddish Books Published in Chicago" by Leah Mishkin and "European Biographical Items on Chicago" by Prof. Jacob R.

Marcus. These lists will serve as a guide to the future historian in collecting his source material, always a difficulty, especially to the Jewish historian because of the lack of systematic publication of Jewish sources.

Two studies, by Professor Judah Rosenthal and by Seymour Pomerence, deal with the history of the Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe, a subject which has been little treated so far. Rosenthal writes on the settlement of Eastern European Jews in Chicago before the huge waves of immigration set in. Pomerence deals basically, though altogether too briefly, with the economic and social aspects of these immigrants. The problems treated by Pomerence are of utmost importance, and much can be gained by an intensified and broadened research in this field.

The article by Dr. Esther Eugenie Rawidowicz, dealing with the interesting personality of Dr. Abraham Chronik, the Rabbi of Sinai Congregation from 1866 to 1871, is a valuable contribution to the history of the German Jews who, as is known, established the foundation of Chicago's Jewish Community. Chronik's personality can be understood only on the background of the stormy events of Europe in 1848 and later. During the few years of his stay in Chicago, he developed a vast religious and social activity, even founding a periodical in German which he continued to publish after his return to Europe.

A unique contribution is represented by Eric Rosenthal's study on the Jewish population in Chicago. This study, the longest in the volume, is extremely important in its practical as well as its theoretical aspects. The study deals with the very difficult problem of establishing the number of Jewish inhabitants in the city. Jewish statistical research is, as is known, severely handicapped by the fact that the U. S. Census does not take into account the religious affiliations of the citizens. This compels Jewish researchers to develop substitute methods in establishing Jewish population. For objective reasons, these methods are admittedly wanting. Rosenthal developed a new approach, based on the selection of Jewish names from the election board lists. He evaluates the various methods employed so far, thereby disclosing valuable observations on the problem as a whole. There is no doubt that Rosenthal's study represents an earnest and major contribu-

tion in estimating Chicago's Jewish population.

The Pinkas opens with brief forewords by the president of the College, Professor Samuel M. Blumenfeld and its editor, Professor Simon Rawidowicz. Both emphasize the necessity of continuing the Pinkas as a recurring publication, devoted to the history and sociology of the Jews in Chicago and the Midwest.

If this hope materializes, the historical research of Chicago Jewry will be given a strong impetus, bringing much promise to the development and strengthening of the Jewish community.

MOSES A. SHULVASS

Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage, by Ruth Painter Randall. Little, Brown and Company. 555pp. \$5.75.

This new account of Mrs. Lincoln's life reflects the loving and painstaking work of a writer whose husband was one of the most thorough and earnest students of Lincoln's era, and one of his finest biographers. Mrs. Randall carries on this tradition with honor to herself. Much heretofore unknown material has gone into her book, which gives the most complete picture of this unfortunate woman which has so far been published.

Mrs. Randall makes no secret of the fact that she is the champion of her heroine, and a fighting champion at that. Perhaps she fights too hard at times, and thereby fails to create the impression she desires. She bristles at every adverse comment, and those who were Mary Lincoln's enemies find little mercy at her hands. Poor Herndon, for instance; does he really deserve the place in the gutter which she has assigned to him?

In spite of her avowed sympathy for Lincoln's wife, Mrs. Randall leans backward to be fair, and suppresses nothing the reader should know. But she has an explanation or an excuse for every aberration. One is apt to recall the story of the man in the insane asylum who, when confronted with the absurdity of his demands for special treatment, simply said, "Well, ain't I crazy?"

True, Mrs. Lincoln had been unbalanced since her girlhood, and her condition became aggravated through the continued blows which Fate dealt her; but Mrs. Randall uses this mental condition as a shield to protect her protegee against all accusations. Her defense would be

more persuasive, had she admitted that Lincoln's wife sometimes really was a hell-cat, and that uncontrolled outbursts of jealousy are not necessarily due to incipient insanity.

Mrs. Randall is a fascinating writer, who knows how to marshal her facts and mold them into a tale which holds one's interest throughout. Even those who are acquainted with the subject, will find themselves carried away by her enthusiasm and by the fluency of her style. One is ready to forgive her for a few lapses in writing, although they are the more irritating as they are unexpected in a writer of such distinction. The past perfect, for instance, is still good grammar, even though many present-day writers and editors may not agree. "She never again entered the . . . room where he died," would read better "where he *had* died," and "He was a . . . politician whom Lincoln appointed," should be "*had* appointed." On the other hand, such amateurish remarks as "We will consider first etc.," may be condoned on the grounds of inexperience. After all, this is the author's first book. In turn, Mrs. Randall is remarkably lenient with Mrs. Lincoln's erratic punctuation, and omits even a passing reference to the way the First Lady of the land spread commas through her letters without rhyme or reason.

Despite these minor shortcomings, Mrs. Randall's book is a noteworthy addition to the Lincoln literature. Her research, which throws light into many dark corners, merits the highest praise. It is safe to say that *Mary Lincoln*, aside from being a very readable production, is a reference book which no scholar will hesitate to use and quote.

OTTO EISENSCHIML

Ancient Near Eastern Texts Relating to the Old Testament, by James B. Pritchard. Princeton University Press. xxi + 526pp. \$15.00.

In this magnificent volume a panorama of the literature of the Ancient Near East is presented which is unique. The translations are from the original Egyptian, Sumerian, Akkadian, Hittite, Canaanite, Ugaritic, and Aramaic. The translators are among the most distinguished in their fields: John A. Wilson, S. N. Kramer, E. A. Speiser, A. Sachs, E. J. Stephens, A. Goetze, H. L. Ginsberg, W. F. Albright,

R. H. Pfeiffer, T. J. Meek, A. L. Oppenheim. Apart from the enormous interest of the works here reprinted—and they represent myths, epics, legends, legal texts, historical texts, rituals, incantations, descriptions of festivals, hymns and prayers, didactic and wisdom literature, lamentations, secular songs and poems, letters, and miscellaneous texts—the student of the Old Testament will find here a vast number of interesting precursors of ideas and motifs contained in that work. Indeed, the present selections have been chosen for just this relevance, and an index of references to the Old Testament will greatly assist the reader. I must confess to having found the volume so exciting that I read through it from first to last for the sheer pleasure of discovery. The new translations of the Code of Hammurabi, the Epic of Gilgamesh, the Babylonian Story of Creation, the Egyptian Hymns to the Sun, and the epics of Ras Shamra are a great boon and represent the most authoritative translations into English now available. All concerned with the making of this noble book are to be congratulated and thanked.

M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

The Future of American Politics, by Samuel Lubell. Harper & Bros. 285pp. \$3.50.

Although this book was written in preparation for the 1952 elections, it can be reviewed afterwards, for all the political events and trends which Lubell analyzed have come to pass. This is rare praise, and no better recommendation can be found for a book on politics.

Mr. Lubell wrote in 1951: ". . . the Roosevelt elements are sufficiently divided to elect a Republican President, but there is still no evidence that . . . a basic realignment of party strength is about to take place. Whoever wins the 1952 election, the political deadlock . . . will not be broken. . . If the Republicans triumph, their victory, by itself, will settle nothing politically. What may develop after that, whether the Democratic majority can be broken for good, or whether it will be restored, will depend on whether the Republicans can reorganize their own party after they have won. (p. 226). . . . Barring a possible sweep by some dramatic personality . . . like General Eisenhower (this was written before the Conventions), it seems doubtful whether

either the Democrats or Republicans can obtain a more decisive victory than Winston Churchill won in Britain last year." (p. 261)

The author, a newspaperman and on the basis of this book, one of the country's better sociologists, was not concerned with predicting election results. He was interested in what he calls the "Roosevelt Revolution," and more important, the changes in American society which produced the series of Democratic victories from 1932-1948.

To Mr. Lubell, the Democratic return to power was not the result of the Roosevelt magnetism, but the political expression of an American revolution of birth-rates, economic and social mobility ("the new middle class") and urbanization. The large families of the "new immigrants" (from Italy, Poland, Russia, Austria-Hungary, etc.) were casting their first ballots in the late 1920's. The Republican party, successful as the representative of the Protestant native-born and small townish elements, was not interested in their problems or their political leaders, and the Democrats became among other things the party of the mobile though low income Americans of foreign parentage. They became the urban party in 1928 when Al Smith carried the big cities for the first time.

The Democrats received support from other new groups. The native Americans who lived in the cities could not support the rural individualism of the G. O. P. when hard times came. The Negro was beginning his slow but sure economic and social upward climb. The farmers, freed from economic subservience to the Republican "court house cliques" in county seats, could vote for the party that helped break the farm depression of the twenties, although they waited 12 years before they supported the Democrats.

But the Revolution did not last long. In 1938, the last item of New Deal legislation was passed on Capitol Hill. Since then, a Republican-Southern Democrat coalition has restrained almost all further change. In some cases, the conservative element has fought back successfully, and Lubell analyzes dramatically how in the South a new, politically insurgent middle class, and an intensification of the race issue in the face of increasing Negro civil rights combined to defeat liberal Frank Graham in the 1950 North Carolina sena-

torial election. The long time suspicion of labor has reappeared as fear of labor's political power; Lubell considers this partially responsible for Taft's 1950 victory. And most important, the mobile people who achieved middle class status under the Democratic regime are now concerned with consolidating their gains.

According to Lubell, the Democrats since the war years have worked for a stalemate in order to maintain their power.

In one of his best chapters, Lubell shows how as a member of the stalemating middle-of-the-road faction in the Democratic party in 1944, Truman was the logical vice presidential candidate. Furthermore, in his entire term of office, Truman by a succession of "forward" and "backward" moves has maintained a stalemate over the long run.

Perhaps the most important aspect of Lubell's analysis is his method. This book is the result of meticulous checking of election results since 1928, and of door-to-door interviewing during each election since 1940 in counties, city wards and precincts of areas where important voting switches have taken place. After years of public opinion polls which even when reliable do not and cannot explain causes, Lubell's more personal contact with small samples of voters, is refreshing. His brilliant interpretation of election results as effects of other, more basic social and economic changes is a healthy sign for future political understanding.

Not all of Lubell's findings are new; many of them have been reached earlier, and independently, by academic political sociologists. But Lubell has discovered them for the layman, and combined them with great theoretical skill. This is more than a book on politics; Lubell is really analyzing the stresses and strains of American society during the last generation. This book is definitely required reading for anyone interested in the future of American politics.

HERBERT GANS

The Words of Justice Brandeis, edited by Solomon Goldman and with a Foreword by Justice William O. Douglas. Henry Schuman, Inc. 200 pp. \$3.00.

The Words of Justice Brandeis is the loving job of a scholar enamored of his theme, and done with a keen sense of responsibility toward the reader that the

significance of a great personality emerge vividly and entire. And that it does.

Testimony to this effect was gathered by Solomon Goldman after scores of visits with the jurist to probe the depth and measure of Brandeis, the student, lawyer, defender of the poor, foe of grasping corporations, arbitrator, writer, Judge and, finally, a Jew conscious of the plight of his people, a convinced Zionist, a champion of a cause. Each statement is corroborated by quotations or references to Brandeis writings and speeches consistent with the shining record of a profound scholar.

Brandeis admonishes that we reject the pursuit of riches and be content with a modest standard of living, so that we may be free to indulge in intellectual pursuits. Brandeis is scathing in his denunciations of money power, monopoly, greedy trusts, and interlocking directorates. He deplores the short-sightedness of stupid employers who fight unions and he insists that labor is more than a commodity—that it is an integral part of a civilized community. He has confidence in the cumulative wisdom of people, in the salutary effects of education upon institutions and human behavior.

Brandeis, to whom the urge to espouse the cause of Jewry came late in life, became an ardent champion of a people who yearned for a home of their own. He expresses repeatedly his wonder at the endurance and the fortitude of the Jew throughout centuries of oppression. Having adopted the ideals of Zionism as his own he gave the cause all that the brilliance of his intellect and influence could command. He was not, however, destined to see in his lifetime a goal achieved.

Rabbi Goldman's *The Words of Justice Brandeis* is a scrupulously executed thesis depicting the story of a man to revere. It is a book to quote from. For instance:

Justice can be attained only by careful regard for fundamental facts, since Justice is but truth in action.

Few laws are of universal application. It is the nature of law that it has dealt, not with man in general, but with him in relationship.

Progress flows only from struggle. Neutrality is at times a graver sin than negligence.

Fear breeds repression . . . repression breeds hate . . . hate menaces stable government.

I believe that the Jews can be just as much of a priest people today as they ever were in the prophet days.

Industrial liberty must attend political liberty.

B. W.

This is Chicago. An Anthology. Edited by Albert Halper. Henry Holt Company. 489pp. \$5.00.

Here is much of Chicago as it marched, wallowed, and stumbled through to achieve its present size and magnificence. Historically, the earliest narrative dates back to the beginning of the last century, while the latest is an episode of Chicago's gangster era. In this book there are stories of violence, conflagration, human depravity, the stark horror of mass behavior, and expositions of nobility of character. Kinzie bled here at the hands of Indians at the Chicago River in 1812; the architect Burnham drove men and beast to make the 1893 exposition an incredible reality; and a police captain gives an eye-witness report of the Haymarket Riot.

This is Chicago—a contrast between the gangsterism of Dion O'Banion, and the passionate humanity of Jane Addams; pen pictures of the city's unspeakable slums (still there), and portraits of grafting politicians (still there) who help perpetuate the unenviable reputation of a great and a thriving metropolis.

Halper chose well and cannily and his parade of Chicago's vices and virtues is staged in a fashion that stamps him a fellow townsman. Names of writers traditionally identified with Chicago, almost none of whom, however, live here now, are in this anthology. They are Louis Zara, Ben Hecht, James T. Farrell, Meyer Levin, Sherwood Anderson, Edna Ferber, Nelson Algren, Richard Wright, and John Lardner. Among the poets are Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Gwendolyn Brooks.

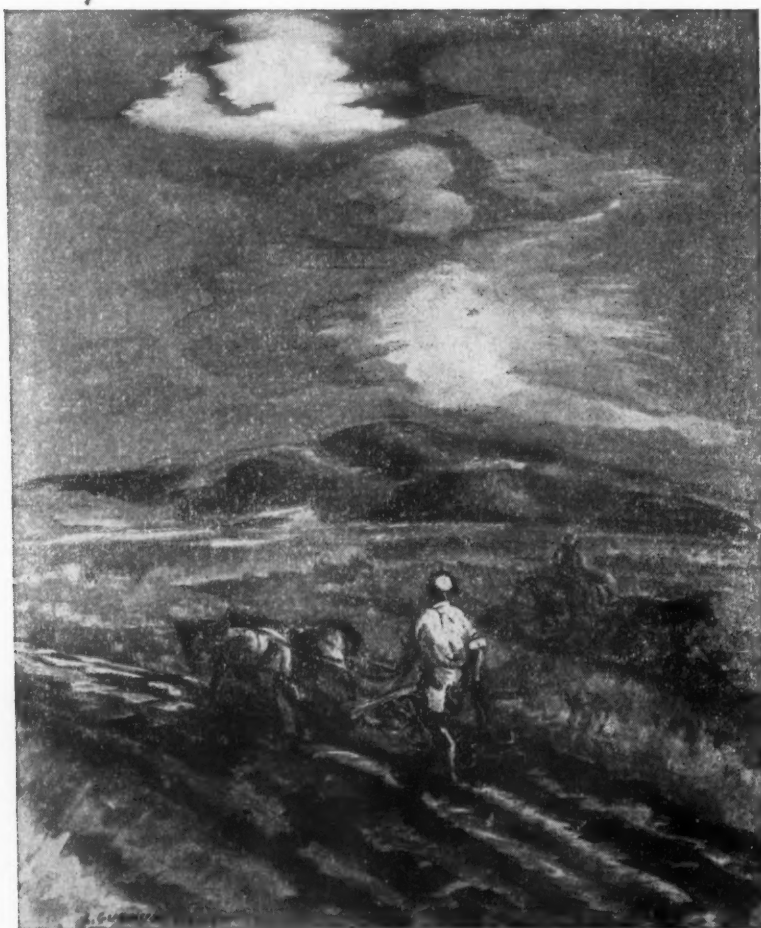
Not all of the stories, of course, are "typically" Chicagoesque. This is particularly true of Halper's own superb short story, "My Aunt Daisy" and Zara's gem, "Travail." I saw little in Ferber's "The Gay Old Dog" to tie it up with "strictly" Chicago's manners or morals. Not so with Meyer Levin, Richard Wright, and James T. Farrell's pieces. These contributions,

grim, sad, and uniformly bitter are as "native" as Chicago's own stock-yards. As an anthology that aims to give more than a bird's-eye view of an important city, *This is Chicago* is a book worthy of the title and Halper's is a job skilfully done.

A carping student of the city's culture, manners, or literature might find fault with the absence from the pages of this anthology of a morsel from Louis Wirth's *The Ghetto*; a fragment from Beatrice Bisno's novel *Tomorrow's Bread*, or a

substantial quote from Harry Barnard's *Eagle Forgotten*, a biography of Governor Altgeld. It is also somewhat astonishing that the editor chose to ignore completely the prose of Theodore Dreiser. It is unfortunate, too, (and no fault of Halper) that nothing is available that would depict the life and experiences of the hundreds of thousands of Germans, Italians, Greeks, Lithuanians, Mexicans, and Slavs who, for generations, have lived in this city.

B. W.



Ploughing in Galilee

LUBA GURDUS

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

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